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REVIEWS

The Siamese Twins; a Satirical Tale of the Times: with other Poems. By the author of 'Pelham.' London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THE public are informed in the title-page of this production, that it is satirical, and that it is a poem—two things which, without some such palpable hint, it would be somewhat difficult to find out. Satire is a higher species of composition than the author of the 'Siamese Twins' has yet attained: we grant, however, that he has displayed no inconsiderable share of spleen, and a very respectable portion of scurrility; but, unfortunately, though the legitimate satirist may be splenetic, and even scurrilous, upon those who are impenetrable by any other mode of attack, yet the possession of these amiable endowments does by no means constitute a man a satirical poet. A person who sets himself up as the castigator of certain faults, or certain follies, whichever the case may be, ought to be exempt from them himself if he wishes his castigation to be of use. A lecture on the dulness of Mr. Senior, for instance, would come with no very becoming effect from the pen of Mr. McCulloch; and on this principle we can scarcely restrain our laughter, when we see Mr. Bulwer sneering at the namby-pamby novels of fashionable life. The sneer seems, indeed, to be the favourite expression of his countenance, and when we consider that it is directed uniformly against those who are superior to himself in the literary path he has chosen, we shall not wonder, that with so many opportunities for its exercise, it should have become almost habitual to him. For example, let us see how the author of 'Devereux' and the 'Disowned' ventures to "satirize" the writer of sundry novels, superior to anything he has written, both in originality and taste.

This plan resolved to follow him in,
Hear me one word, sweet country women!
I hear a certain novel lately
Sent forth by me displeased you greatly;
You thought the gentry of the road
Should choose their words more *à la mode*.
You felt indignant that such ug-
Ly words my vulgar folks should utter;
And Peggy Lobkins of "the Mug,"
Be less refined than Lady Flutter—
And you were right, I must allow,
But I will mend my manners now,
Bid nature seek some other place,
Paint man no more, but sketch "his grace,"
Mince truth like any other Mister,
And shrink, smirk, drivill into L.—r. p. 46.

The versification of this passage is a specimen of the pervading style of the volume, throughout which the author falls into the very vulgar mistake of supposing, that the absence of Hudibras's wit may be supplied by the singularity of his rhymes. We have words broken off in the middle, which the author (with the affectation of learning which we too often find among the

superficial book-men of the present day,) would say was in imitation of the lyrical poets. We have all languages hitched in for the sake of a rhyme—

Now that's a *quid pro quo* too seri-
Ous much for beasts *nature fera*.—p. 31.

We have oaths introduced on various occasions; sometimes as expletives in the conversations of his interlocutors, and sometimes as classical ornaments of the "satirical poet's" (!) own.

These are the things that best distinguish men—
These make the glorious boast of Englishmen.
More could I tell you were there leisure,
But I have said enough to please, sure;
Now then, if you the resolution
Take for a British constitution,
A British king, church, commons, peers,
I'll be your guide! dismiss your fears:
With Hampden's name and memory warm you,
And *à—n* you all, but I'll reform you.—p. 32.

Gripes with one hand the net, and shakes
The other at them in despair,
And asks if no *dammest* statute takes
A British life beneath its care.—p. 34.

But the author's principal forte seems to lie in the grotesqueness of his rhymes; but this, besides being a very easy mode of attracting the attention, is a very old one, and one happily confined to those who have no other qualifications. The reader soon gets tired of such jingle as we find in every page of the poem.

And yet they were as much dissimilar,
As ever honesty and miller are.—p. 21.

But watched his moment to retaliate:
No nature like the still and grave
To form, preserve, collect, and rally hate!—p. 24.

In truth, if differences of temper
The bliss of common twins scarce double; some
To Chang and Ching, *conjuncti semper*,
Must needs be singularly troublesome.—p. 25.

Already Messrs. Cooper, Brodie, Goe,
Lawrence, and Vance, have seen the prodigy;
Declared it can be no deceit,
And sworn the sight was quite a treat.
This—notice towards them to divert is meant,
See for particulars advertisement.—p. 30.

The poem, however, is distinguished by two modes of composition, in both of which there is the most obvious absence of every thing like originality. In the structure of the light and facetious parts of the story, there is the most perpetually-recurring resemblance to the style of 'Dr. Syntax's Tour in search of the Picturesque;' the same want of spirit in the lines—without, however, the same ease; the same prosaic and vulgar turns of expression—without the same quaintness and humour. In the other mode which the author has adopted, we distinctly trace an attempt to imitate the style of Lord Byron; and in this, it is perhaps the highest compliment we can pay him, to say, we think he has, in some degree, succeeded. We do not mean that the resemblance we allude to consists in the mixture of the ludicrous with the pathetic, or the transition from the ridiculous to the sublime; what we mean to state is, that in the flow of the serious and sentimental portions of the tale, he has caught the

manner of the noble Childe; and this approach, even in the matter of style, to his Lordship, common as it is among several scores of poetical young gentlemen, we consider no slight praise to a person who, in the other parts of his volume, has betrayed such miserable taste as Mr. Bulwer. We shall have opportunities of presenting our readers with specimens of the two styles we have mentioned as we proceed, to give them some idea of the story, which the author has made the vehicle of his poetry (!) and satire!

After describing the birth of the Twins in Bancoek, the capital of Siam, the consternation and grief of their parents at the sight of their monstrous offspring, and the characters of the two boys—Chang being grave and sentimental, and Ching thoughtless and playful, a certain Mr. Hodges is brought on the scene. This Mr. Hodges is "member of a mission to probe the Siam trade's condition," and, being "half a saint and half a patriot," supports the one part of the character by profane swearing, and the other by sneering at his country. This worthy prevails on the father of the Twins to allow him to bring them over to England; and, as a specimen of the serious style, we shall quote some lines from a visit paid by the brothers to a Seer, for Ching has a considerable share of curiosity, and says,

"The scheme's a bold one;
One likes to have one's fortune told one."

They come to a giant fane—

There, while the brothers gazing stood,
Their youthful blood grew chill,
Appall'd beneath the solitude,
The sternness and the still!
They have gained the sacred bound,
They have pass'd its broken wall;
And they quail as they walk when they hear the sound
Of their steps in the temple fall.

They stand in a desolate place,
Their roof the starr'd and breathless space!
An altar at their feet o'erthrown!
On the grey walls around, half raised,
Strange shapes and mystic rhymes are traced,
Typing a past world's fate.

And still as if himself had grown
Its like—upon a couch of stone,
Majestic—shadowy—and alone,

The dark magician aze.
The white rays hush'd around him shining,
His broad brow knit and down-declining,
Fixed on the wan earth's mystic breast
His eyes—intent, but dreaming—rest;
His mute form bending musingly,
And his hands clasp'd upon his knee.

Calmness sat round him like a robe—
The calmness of the crowned dead,
The calmness of the silent globe,
When night makes silence dead.
The calmness of some God reclined
On high—and brooding o'er earth's doom—
Or of some cloud, ere yet the wind
Hath voiced the breathless gloom.
The errand they tell, and the boon they crave:
It is done!—with a glassy eye
The Sorcerer look'd on the Twins, and gave,
In a chanting tone, reply.—p. 64-5.

And this is all that the poet can make out of an interview with a "dark magician," in the shadowy land of India! This, however, poor as it is with the puerilities of "white rays hushed," and a brow down-declining, is

considerably superior in poetical merit to most other passages in the book. The magician, who seems—unlike the author—to be a conjuror too, raves in a mystical style, which is meant, of course, to be vastly appalling, and then favours the Twins with a scene from 'Der Freischütz.'

The Sorcerer rose and led the way
Through a rent in the deep wall's massive base;
And they stood in a cell where the piercing ray
Crept faint from above through the dismal space;
Serving just to shadow dimly
Their outlines from the denser gloom,
Like the half-worn images sculptured grimly
On the walls in the outer room. (11)—p. 69.

They stand within the flame that curl'd,
Not in the northern wizard's ring,
But oval-like; and imaging
A mystery in the antique world;
And the Sorcerer on their heads bath'd
One hand; the other raised on high,
"Worms on life's lotos leaf; whate'er
Of dread or menace meet the eye,
Or thrill the appalled ear—beware
Of any sound, of any cry,
Beyond the ebb of breath!

This fiery wall is life's domain,
Transcended one inch is death!"—p. 70.

We pass over the incorrectness of the word "lain" as here applied—and it occurs in several other passages—to marvel at the total want of ingenuity which could induce an author to versify such a very commonplace incident in all tales of the black art as the charmed circle, in which the evoker of the Spirits stands. Horrid shapes howl and hiss around them under the potency of the spell—as nightly performed, with unbounded applause, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden—the sorcerer utters a rhapsody, in imitation of Mr. Braham, and the Twins, poor devils, are nearly frightened to death:

As a corpse when the spirit is fled,
As a spear from a hand when the life is o'er,
The Sorcerer drooped his head,
And dropp'd on the dark'ning floor.
Then, by the last blue ray
Of the flame, while the serpents creep
With a fainter life to the wall—away
And curl to their broken sleep—
Each brother beheld the other's face,
And shudderingly scan'd it o'er;
Such change had been wrought in that fearful place,
That he scarcely could note a single trace
Of the features he knew before!—p. 75.

We have been thus prodigal of extract from this ambitious part of the poem, as in it we may naturally suppose Mr. Bulwer has put forth his strength; and we are anxious to lay before our readers specimens, by which they may judge for themselves how far he has succeeded. We have no hesitation in expressing our own opinion, that he has proved himself to be without the slightest portion of poetical power, and that he is equally destitute of poetical taste.

In the second book the Twins are fairly in England, they have made a sensation and a fortune; and Chang, the sedate one, who, strange to say, has the yearnings of love about his heart, wishes to retire from public life, and

"To view the mighty map of man
Before the kindling glance unfurld,
And line by line to track the plan!"—
"In short, (cried Ching,) to see the world."

Chang has a fever, and holds this conversation with his brother before falling asleep; and then comes another passage of the sentimental kind about "their host's daughter, Mary,"

How holy woman's youth—while yet
Its rose with life's first dew is wet!
While hope most pure is least confest,
And all the virgin in the breast;
O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
Transparent vein seem'd proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart unto
The soul so nobly plac'd there!

O'er her white brow were richly braided.
The tresses in a golden flow;
But darkly slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire?
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam
Called forth a worship and a dream;
The soft rose on her softest cheek
Had yet the Sun's last smile to win;
But not the less each blush could speak,
How full the sweetness liv'd within.
The rich lip in its bright repose
Refused above its wealth to close;
And 'mid the coral and the dew
The pearls all freshly glisten'd thro';
And round that lip, in dimpled cell,
The smiles that wreath'd enchantment dwell,
Waked by a word, and yet revealing
A witness less of mirth than feeling
Rounded her glorious shape; though mute
Died echo round her fairy foot;

Though small as childhood's was the hand
That lightly clasp'd her graceful vest;
And though so slight her tempting hand,
You hid it while you prest:
Yet form'd the hills her robe controll'd,
In love's most ripe luxuriant mould;
Not in more swelling whiteness sails
Cayster's swan to western gales,
When the melodious nauticus sings,
'Mid her slow-heaved, voluptuous wings,
And never on a breast more form'd.
For lofty dreams—yet low devotion—
More tender or more truly warm'd
With all which lights—yet guides—emotion.

p. 100-1.

This passage, besides being perhaps the least faulty in the volume, we have quoted as an illustration of what we said as to Mr. Bulwer's being one of the *seruum pecus*—the imitators of Lord Byron. The resemblance to his Lordship's style is very apparent, but it unavoidably recalls to us "the nodosity of the oak without its strength—the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration—the noise of the thunder without its bolt." This Mary is in love with a Mr. Lancham, who seems now to dispute with Messrs. Chang and Ching the hero-ism of the poem. Their love is found out by old Hodges, and Mr. Laneham, according to use and wont, is turned out of doors. The tale goes on with some most stale and unprofitable attempts at wit, which, unfortunately, never tell. But time hastens, and we must get through the remainder of the story as quickly as possible. The connecting tie between the brothers is broken, but whether by the knife or some other means, the author does not inform us. Chang roams through the world a discontented, snarling, and pseudo-philosophical person, in whose character we can almost imagine the author has shadowed forth his own; Ching remains in his usual habitation, but without such gaiety of spirits; Laneham gets a legacy, marries Mary, and gets into the House of Commons, and so ends 'The Siamese Twins, a Satirical Tale of the Times.'

We have already expressed our opinion on the general merits of the poem, we shall only, in conclusion, give extracts from those portions of it which are meant to be satirical.

And really Chang, who sulking by,
Sate with curl'd lip and drooping eye,
While Moore-like Ching perform'd the Syren,
Made no bad sort of Bancroft Byron.
As they professed opinions liberal,
And Chang was thought a youth of *notis*,
They went where worldly witting gibber all
Inaptitudes—at Holland House.
There Allen, all about the riches
Of Siam, with its manners, laws,
Pump'd out, to pour into those speeches
Which gain his Lordship such applause;—
Those speeches, when the frost of fears
Melts—as Monseigneur swells from Madame—
And gushes out upon the Peers,
The history of the world since Adam!
The Duke of Devonshire was very
Civil—is really a good fellow!
And D—, when he saw, grew merry,
Two faces than his own more yellow.

Lord Granville courteously desired
They'd join his coterie of whistlers;
And Esterhazy much inquired,
If they were sure they had no sisters!—p. 122.

One more extract and we have done. Our readers may now see the value of the paid puffs on this work in sundry gazettes and newspapers, as, by the help of quotation, they are qualified to form an impartial opinion for themselves. The twins are attacked by a troop of—but let the author tell the adventure.

Well, just by this divine abode,
A group of Cynthia block'd the road;
No sooner did they see our two,
Than pounce on them the lasses flew.
Perchance they fancied, if short-sighted,
Two things that seem'd so close united,
Might be old R—th—ld, amorous soul!
Taking with Three per Cents. a stroll.
Chang scowl'd upon them grave and scornful;
One maid embraced his bosom mournful;
But Ching stopt short with sparkling features,
And, leering, cried, "What charming creatures!"
To you, dear reader, I must leave
The ladies' wonder to conceive,
When they perceived they had got hold of
The Twins they'd been so often told of.
While they were chatting and conferring,
Chang vainly begg'd them to be stirring;
But finding Ching was deaf to preaching,
Sullen he ceased from all beseeching,
Folded his arms and raised his eyes,
And grew romantic on the skies.—p. 162.

Shade of Dr. Syntax! how thy glories are eclipsed!

We have just read the following in the *Morning Chronicle*.

"THE NEW FASHIONABLE POEM.—Mr. Bulwer's 'Siamese Twins' has become the most popular poem since the publication of Don Juan. The first edition is, we understand, already exhausted. We have not heard whether any alterations are to be made in the second edition, or whether that singular passage which describes the introduction of the Twins at Almack's by Lady Jersey's ticket, and the subsequent scene, in which Lady Cowper's mediation is so effectual, is to be retained, in spite of the remarks it has given rise to."

We need hardly inform our readers, that this paragraph was written in Burlington-street, and its insertion paid for. The 'Siamese Twins,' the most popular poem since the publication of Don Juan! Why the *Morning Chronicle* will say the same thing of any and of every other poem, at precisely the same price.—But observe the offence of the paragraph. For the mere purpose of exciting a sale, it is insinuated that Mr. Bulwer has been libelling ladies of rank—that he has been pandering to the worst passions of the worst people—the insinuation about "the singular passage" means this, and nothing else.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars concerning the Author. By Wm. Godwin. London, 1831. Wilson.

The "particulars concerning the author," promised in the title-page, gave us good hopes of entertainment from this forthcoming work. Not that we are admirers of personal gossip generally, and still less of that mixture of garrulity and inpertinence—of idle anecdote and mischievous recollections—which has been the foundation of so many of the trashy volumes obtruded on the public of late years by men in poverty or dotage: but Mr. Godwin was not likely to publish such a work; and, had he seriously sat down to write his own literary history, in its connexion with public opinion, it would have been not merely an entertaining, but an extremely valuable record. We have had many dull sermons on the trite text of the "bubble reputation,"—but still, bubble as it

may be, it often holds out for ages and generations—is won with labour, and abides for years. But Mr. Godwin sprung at once into fame, and was almost as suddenly forgotten. His 'Political Justice,' though published in two ponderous quartos, was eagerly read, and the author all but idolized by one party, though as zealously abused by another; and yet, twenty years afterwards, Mr. Godwin and the 'Political Justice' were equally forgotten, or he was remembered only as a writer of novels, and two or three dull biographies. Far be it from us to undervalue 'Caleb Williams' or 'St. Leon,' two of the most fearfully powerful works of fiction in the language; but what is a novelist compared to an oracle! Mr. Godwin, we have no doubt, is sensible of all this, and could interpret between the world and the world's admiration—and we hoped he would have done so in the present work—but as he has not, we must take our own view of the subject.

The 'Political Justice' then was, in our opinion, neither a very original nor very profound work, but it was one of the first that caught the spirit of the age, and gave to the subtle refinements of mind, and the metaphysics of the schools, a practical application. Before that time, philosophy had been dreamy, dark, vague and general—since then, it has branched off into innumerable subdivisions, and become wholly practical. Mr. Godwin got the start and vantage-ground of the public—he saw the direction, right or wrong, that opinion would take, and he preceded others;—but he carried weight; he had all the old and new philosophy on his shoulders—others that started later soon outstripped him, and he has ever since toiled after them in vain. The present work is the old essays broken into fractions, and perfected and polished; it is another version of, or another volume of the 'Enquirer.' Mr. Godwin is still the same man, writing on in the same spirit. One great charm equally of his earlier and his later philosophical works is clearness and simplicity: he strips the subject of its mystery; and if he cannot convince, he never wearies and fatigues. To those who think beyond the hour, and desire to be informed beyond the last new novel, a volume of essays, by Mr. Godwin, will be read with interest—to those who are not acquainted with his philosophical works, we would willingly convey a general notion of his style and manner, and shall therefore extract largely from an Essay on Diffidence, which will have interest for all, from the candid manner in which the writer comes personally forward, and in which indeed he incidentally refers to the popularity we have noticed:—

"The following Essay will be to a considerable degree in the nature of confession, like the Confessions of St. Augustine or of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It may therefore at first sight appear of small intrinsic value, and scarcely worthy of a place in the present series. But, as I have had occasion more than once to remark, we are all of us framed in a great measure on the same model, and the analysis of the individual may often stand for the analysis of a species. While I describe myself therefore, I shall probably at the same time be describing no inconsiderable number of my fellow-beings.

"It is true, that the duty of man under the head of Frankness, is of a very comprehensive nature. We ought all of us to tell to our neighbour whatever it may be of advantage to him to

know, we ought to be the sincere and zealous advocates of absent merit and worth, and we are bound by every means in our power to contribute to the improvement of others, and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world.

"From the universality of these precepts many readers might be apt to infer, that I am in my own person the bold and unsparing preacher of truth, resolutely giving to every man his due, and, agreeably to the apostle's direction, 'instant in season, and out of season.' The individual who answers to this description will often be deemed troublesome, often annoying; he will produce a considerable sensation in the circle of those who know him; and it will depend upon various collateral circumstances, whether he shall ultimately be judged a rash and intemperate disturber of the contemplations of his neighbours, or a disinterested and heroic suggester of new veins of thinking, by which his contemporaries and their posterity shall be essentially the gainers.

"I have no desire to pass myself upon those who may have any curiosity respecting me for better than I am; and I will therefore here put down a few particulars, which may tend to enable them to form an equitable judgment.

"One of the earliest passions of my mind was the love of truth and sound opinion. 'Why should I,' such was the language of my solitary meditations, 'because I was born in a certain degree of latitude, in a certain century, in a country where certain institutions prevail, and of parents professing a certain faith, take it for granted that all this is right?'—This is matter of accident. "Time and chance happeneth to all:" and I, the thinking principle within me, might, if such had been the order of events, have been born under circumstances the very reverse of those under which I was born. I will not, if I can help it, be the creature of accident; I will not, like a shuttle-cock, be at the disposal of every impulse that is given me. I felt a certain disdain for the being thus directed; I could not endure the idea of being made a fool of, and of taking every *ignis fatuus* for a guide, and every stray notion, the meteor of the day, for everlasting truth. I am the person, spoken of in a preceding Essay, who early said to Truth, 'Go on: whithersoever thou leadest, I am prepared to follow.'

"During my college-life, therefore, I read all sorts of books, on every side of any important question, or that were thrown in my way, that I could hear of. But the very passion that determined me to this mode of proceeding, made me wary and circumspect in coming to a conclusion. I knew that it would, if anything, be a more censurable and contemptible act, to yield to every seducing novelty, than to adhere obstinately to a prejudice because it had been instilled into me in youth. I was therefore slow of conviction, and by no means 'given to change.' I never willingly parted with a suggestion that was unexpectedly furnished to me; but I examined it again and again, before I consented that it should enter into the set of my principles.

"In proportion, however, as I became acquainted with truth, or what appeared to me to be truth, I was like what I have read of Melancthon, who, when he was first converted to the tenets of Luther, became eager to go into all companies, that he might make them partakers of the same inestimable treasure, and set before them evidence that was to him irresistible. It is needless to say, that he often encountered the most mortifying disappointment.

"Young and eager as I was in my mission, I received in this way many a bitter lesson. But the peculiarity of my temper rendered this doubly impressive to me. I could not pass over a hint, let it come from what quarter it would,

without taking it into some consideration, and endeavouring to ascertain the precise weight that was to be attributed to it. It would, however, often happen, particularly in the question of the claims of a given individual to honour and respect, that I could see nothing but the most glaring injustice in the opposition I experienced. In canvassing the character of an individual, it is not for the most part general, abstract or moral, principles that are called into question: I am left in possession of the premises which taught me to admire the man whose character is contested; and conformably to those premises I see that his claim to the honour I have paid him is fully made out.

"In my communications with others, in the endeavour to impart what I deemed to be truth, I began with boldness: but I often found that the evidence that was to me irresistible, was made small account of by others; and it not seldom happened, as candour was my principle, and a determination to receive what could be shown to be truth, let it come from what quarter it would, that suggestions were presented to me, materially calculated to stagger the confidence with which I had set out. If I had been divinely inspired—if I had been secured by an omniscient spirit against the danger of error, my case would have been different. But I was not inspired. I often encountered an opposition I had not anticipated, and was often presented with objections, or had pointed out to me flaws and deficiencies in my reasonings, which, till they were so pointed out, I had not apprehended. I had not lungs enabling me to drown all contradiction; and, which was still more material, I had not a frame of mind, which should determine me to regard whatever could be urged against me as of no value. I therefore became cautious. As a human creature, I did not relish the being held up to others, or to myself, as rash, inconsiderate and headlong, unaware of difficulties the most obvious, embracing propositions the most untenable, and 'against hope believing in hope.' And, as an apostle of truth, I distinctly perceived that a reputation for perspicacity and sound judgment was essential to my mission. I therefore often became less a speaker than a listener, and by no means made it a law with myself to defend principles and characters I honoured, on every occasion on which I might hear them attacked.

"A new epoch occurred in my character, when I published, and at the time I was writing, my Enquiry concerning Political Justice. My mind was wrought up to a certain elevation of tone; the speculations in which I was engaged, tending to embrace all that was most important to man in society, and the frame to which I had assiduously bent myself, of giving quarter to nothing because it was old, and shrinking from nothing because it was startling and astounding, gave a new bias to my character. The habit which I thus formed put me more on the alert even in the scenes of ordinary life, and gave me a boldness and an eloquence more than was natural to me. I then reverted to the principle which I stated in the beginning, of being ready to tell my neighbour whatever it might be of advantage to him to know, to show myself the sincere and zealous advocate of absent merit and worth, and to contribute by every means in my power to the improvement of others and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world. I desired that every hour that I lived should be turned to the best account, and was bent each day to examine whether I had conformed myself to this rule. I held on this course with tolerable constancy for five or six years: and, even when that constancy abated, it failed not to leave a beneficial effect on my subsequent conduct.

"But, in pursuing this scheme of practice, I was acting a part somewhat foreign to my constitution. I was by nature more of a speculative

than an active character, more inclined to reason within myself upon what I heard and saw, than to declaim concerning it. I loved to sit by unobserved, and to meditate upon the panorama before me. * * *

"All this had a tendency to subtract from my vocation as a missionary. I was no longer a knight-errant, prepared on all occasions by dint of arms to vindicate the cause of every principle that was unjustly handled, and every character that was wrongfully assailed. Meanwhile I returned to the field, occasionally and uncertainly. It required some provocation and incitement to call me out: but there was the lion, or whatever combative animal may more justly prefigure me, sleeping, and that might be awakened.

"There is another feature necessary to be mentioned, in order to make this a faithful representation. There are persons, it should seem, of whom it may be predicated, that they are *semper parati*. This has by no means been my case. My genius often deserted me. I was far from having the thought, the argument, or the illustration at all times ready, when it was required. I resembled to a certain degree the persons we read of, who are said to be struck as if with a divine judgment. I was for a moment changed into one of the mere herd, *de grege porcus*. My powers therefore were precarious; and I could not always be the intrepid and qualified advocate of truth, if I vehemently desired it. I have often, a few minutes afterwards, or on my return to my chambers, recollected the train of thinking, which would have shown me off to advantage, and memorably done me honour, if I could have had it at my command the moment it was wanted.

"And so much for confession. I am by no means vindicating myself. I honour much more the man who is at all times ready to tell his neighbour whatever it may be of advantage to him to know, to show himself the sincere and untempering advocate of absent merit and worth, and to contribute by every means in his power to the improvement of others, and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world.

"This is what every man ought to be, and what the best devised scheme of republican institutions would have a tendency to make us all.

"But, though the man here described is to a certain degree a deserter of his true place in society, and cannot be admitted to have played his part in all things well, we are by no means to pronounce upon him a more unfavourable judgment than he merits. Diffidence, though, where it disqualifies us in any way from doing justice to truth, either as it respects general principle or individual character, is a defect, yet is on no account to be confounded in demerit with that suppression of truth, or misrepresentation, which grows out of actual craft and design."

The Incognito, or Sins and Peccadilloes. By Don T. de Trueba. 3 vols. London, 1831. Whittaker & Co.

WHEN Scott's novels were coming out in quick succession, and the critics, judging from their own poverty, began to speculate on the writer's exhaustion, the latter intimated in a preface, that the more distinguished men in literature had been the most prolific. If the converse of this be equally true, then does Don T. de Trueba promise to be an eminently great man. This is either the third or fourth work by this gentleman that we have reviewed since the publishing season began, and we hear of another already printed and immediately forthcoming. 'The Incognito' is certainly not the worst of these—it is, indeed, evident that the writer is not a man of much power, and his work has no

chance of taking any permanent station in our literature; but he is seldom dull or fatiguing, and there is a graphic skill in some scenes, that, considering how little is really known of Spain, give them an interest that must secure to the work a quick and extensive sale in its first bloom. The plot of a novel is seldom worth unravelling, and in this instance there is very little; we shall, therefore, transfer bodily into our pages, perhaps the best scene in the work—an account of Christmas at Madrid.

"The whole of Madrid now exhibited an unusual bustle. *Noche buena*, or Christmas, was fast approaching—a time particularly devoted to festivity in Spain, as well as in England. The lower classes, in particular, evinced the uncommon interest peculiar to this season of joviality. Indeed at no other period in the year do the good people of Madrid signalize themselves so strikingly, for in no other are there so many scenes of inebriety and riot rehearsed. Every one looks forward to the important day with breathless anxiety.

"The streets then begin to be covered with stalls, and the whole of Spain sends numbers of its children with the product of those articles for which each different province is most remarkable. You may see the various entrances of the town, *the puerta de Alcalá, de Atocha, and Toledo*, for days before thronged with the groups that flock from all parts to dispose of their merchandize. Long processions of *Arrieros*, with their mules slowly winding their course along to the monotonous, though not unpleasant sound of the tinkling bells; some bringing a fresh supply of wine of Valdepeñas; others loaded with Spanish brown cloth, which is to afford many of the new *capas* or cloaks to be worn by the *majos* at the famous festivity. Then you may see the Valentians, with their gay French-like countenances and deportment, talking incessantly, and appalled in the peculiar dress of their country, which, from the nudity of the lower parts, may not improperly be assimilated to the Scotch. There they come briskly along, with their *mantas* on their backs, their bare tawny legs, and *alpargatas*, or flaxen sandals, on their feet. The Valentians act a very conspicuous part at this time of the year, for they carry two of the most important articles indispensable for the occasion, *turron* and oranges.

"Nor is it less amusing to behold the arrival of the *paveros*, who conduct, in martial array, a numerous army of well-fed *pavos*, or turkeys, with wonderful precision and discipline. Indeed, it seems strange to see a single man armed with a single long and slender *vara* (rod), marshal along some hundreds of the noisy *pedestrian* birds, which fill the air with aqueous sounds and shrill clamours, whilst the beggarly urchins, assembled along the street to behold the noisy and magnificent entrance, augment, with their cries of joy, the din which already prevails.

"But the most interesting part of the ceremony is to perceive the extreme anxiety of the general when his army has entered the streets. * * * Experience has repeatedly told the *paveros* that many an enemy is narrowly watching his movements, and ready to take advantage of a moment's negligence. Everybody at Madrid makes a point of eating a *pavo* at this time, and everybody at Madrid has not, unluckily, money to purchase the commodity. * * * The *pavero* redoubles his vigilance, but to no purpose; for by the time he arrives at the *Plazuela de la Cebada*, the indiscriminate encampment of these armies, and proceeds to a muster, to ascertain the number of his troops, he finds, with no little vexation, that at least two or three dozens have deserted during the march. * * *

"The *pavero* is exceedingly puzzled, for the rogues do not seem to move from their places,

may the folds of their venerable and party-coloured cloaks are not even deranged, and yet it is ten to one, that if by some miraculous process these cloaks were suddenly to be removed, each one would disclose a turkey.

"Another body of purveyors, of no small importance, are the *churriceros*, who come from Estremadura with a large provision of the goods for which that province is remarkable. And here, by the bye, it will not be amiss to say that a hog in this territory is a sort of phoenix, for it is impossible to enumerate the various blessings the *Estremeños*† extract from that unclean animal. The *Estremeños* enter Madrid, perched on the top of their cargo, with the greatest stateliness and decorum. A most becoming gravity sits upon their burnt black faces, which despite of the dingy complexion bear strong traces of pork-eating; indeed, you could almost swear that the pores of their skin perspire a pork-like moisture; with the astonishing variety of their *unique* merchandize I am not acquainted, my information that way is rather limited, though I could enumerate at least three score condiments into which the multifarious pork is converted. The mules, indeed, seem to bend under the huge pressure of *jamonos, cecinas, chorizos, embuchados, morellas, &c. &c.*

"After the *Estremeños* we may mention the various other vendors who contribute to the *éclat* of the fair, for such an aspect does Madrid present during the latter end of December and all January. There is no metropolis in the world which so well keeps up the character it represents, for really it seems as if every province concurred to render homage to the capital, where, though everything which Spain produces is to be found, still not one single article is of indigenous growth; and really I think that nothing could be extracted from this barren spot in the midst of fertility, save water, on which the Madrilenos particularly pride themselves, so that when an altercation arises on the subject, they are sure to come out with *Oh! las aguas de Madrid!* Indeed the sons of this town, are as proud of their waters, as the Andalusians of their wines and olives, the Valentians of their fruits, and the Cantabrians of their pedigrees. And now in proportion that *noche buena* drew nearer, the bustle and merriment increased; the *Plazuela de la Cebada* presented a most magnificent spectacle to those blessed with a good appetite and to the *friand*, which latter class greatly preponderates over the former. However, as *Navidad* is a period when eating and drinking form a principal item in the rejoicings, those that are not gluttonous from constitution, endeavour to work themselves up to a belief that they could devour the whole *Plazuela*. How striking and picturesque is the scene! There you find great pyramids of delicious oranges, and huge loads of every sort of comestibles. Then the splendid view of so many thousand *pavos* in their snowy livery, all exceedingly clamorous, as if they really were impatient to be killed, roasted and devoured, together with the multitude of vendors and buyers, all busily employed how they can best cheat each other, cannot fail to give great interest to the picture.

"The women here, as in everything else, make a very conspicuous figure, for to their superintendence is assigned the sale of chestnuts and *buñuelos*‡—*buñuelos*, the very type and principal symbol of the festival—*buñuelos*, which is a readily-believed tradition that the Shepherds of Bethlehem eat plentifully on the night, which is now the object to commemorate. Nor are the *buñueleros* unmindful of their importance on the present occasion; there you may see them, in the corner of almost every street, particularly by the door of a *taverna*, with their

† Natives of Estremadura.
‡ Oil-fritters.

portable apparatus for frying the *buñuelos*, actively engaged in the vocation; their sharp, dark, brilliant eyes, twinkling through the dense smoke arising from the oil necessary for their functions. How cleverly do they handle the *arlen* † with what peculiar grace, too, they turn and separate the cooked *buñuelo* from its immatured brethren! How actively does she contrive to keep all at once, her hands, tongue and eyes in constant motion! Many a *majo* loiters in the vicinity of these dark beauties, watching with an eye of affection the dexterity of those fingers, the fire of those glances, the volubility and sharpness of those tongues. Proserpine, in the infernal regions, does not present more charms to the wondering eyes of her sable subjects than do these *buñueleros*, in spite of the globes of strong-oil-stinking smoke, in which they are almost buried, to the enraptured *manolo* on whose half-gaping mouth the cigar lies indolent and unminded, through excess of abstraction.

"Various are the scenes performed at this time at Madrid. * * * Every man, woman, and child, seems on the wing, as if something wonderfully momentous were about to take place. You may see many a gay *morena* hastening to purchase the piece of finery, in which she expects to surprise her *majo* at supper in *noche buena*. There you behold solemnly marching a grandpapa, with a bevy of children, all noise and excitement for the promised toys. Then your attention is attracted by the swarms of friars, black, white, grey, blue, and mixed, bustling about with their rosy, plump faces, except some wan, pale-looking Carthusian, or bare-footed Franciscan, whose poverty stands in the way of any great hilarity, though he may, perhaps, console himself with the idea that he will obtain from the ready piety of the venders more than his richer companions with their money.

"The tribe too of hungry *hidalgos*, and of poor *empleados*, offers some interest to the curious beholder. With what satisfaction do they hurry to make the necessary purchase for one night of rejoicing—aye! one night, which will swallow up a third of a whole year's revenue. * * *

"All this time the innumerable groups of blind beggars keep up a continual din with their monotonous, drowsy, ascetic sort of singing, for the custom of singing *villancicos*, is another grand characteristic of the occasion—save but for a first grating sensation to the organ of hearing, a considerable gratification might be derived by merely observing these itinerant musicians. There they tramp along the street, guided by a mischievous-looking dog, exceedingly ugly, which stares you intently in the face, as if to solicit your attention for his master, whilst the said master screws his face into a thousand strange grimaces, as he bellows out with a nasal twang the mystically silly words of the *villancico*, of which he carries a hundred copies in his hand for the accommodation of *beatas santurrones*, maid-servants, or any other persons who have a taste for the pious doggerel. Scarcely have you been delivered from the sight of the tremendously wide open mouth of one beggar than another announces itself, though for the sake of variety he strikes up in a different key. Then your course is arrested by one of these sightless bards who is expounding the *villancico*, these good folks being interpreters as well as songsters. Nor is it less curious to observe the mundane jokes, and anything but edifying sayings, with which they generally contrive to season their mystical legends; certainly these *espigleries* are not strictly in unison with the spirit of the holy song. But it goes down very well with the assembled crowd, not over-refined

in matters of taste, or ridiculously scrupulous in those of conscience.

"Nor, indeed, do the passing friars affect to be scandalized, and show any unseasonable zeal at the profane mystic buffooneries, for every one knows that in these merry times a little scope is allowed to the fancy of the people." 1—16.

The History of Modern Greece from its Conquest by the Romans, n.c. 146, to the present time. By James Emerson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn & Bentley.

THIS is a singular production; but, notwithstanding the great faults of an injudicious plan, a confused and ill-supported narrative, and a style often uncouth and barbarous, it supplies a valuable addition to our stores of knowledge. There is something original in the very idea and title-page of the work—it is a practical bull, bearing some analogy to "the life and adventures of a man after his death." It is about as reasonable as 'Annals of the Kingdom of Mercia, comprising the civil, political, and military history of that ancient realm, from the time when it ceased to exist, to the present.' In fact, for two thousand years, up to a period within the memory even of children, Greece was "living Greece no more." On its conquest by the Romans it lost all independent political existence, merging into an integral portion of their compact and uniform empire; and, when subsequently the sceptre was wrested from the hands of the Palæologi by the fierce gripe of the Osman Sultans, Greece became a neglected Turkish province, nearly imperceptible to the view of the historian, and affording to his labours a theme as devoid of unity of plan and definite outline, as any obsolete division of Gaul or Britain.

We have said that Mr. Emerson's style is often uncouth and barbarous; it is, in addition, sometimes unintelligible. There are passages that would puzzle the committee of the linguists of the *Foreign Quarterly* to find out their meaning. We suspect they were not intended to have any, but are merely substitutes for the flourishes, the combinations of curves and fragments of foliage, which grace the initial letters and encircle the *Finis* of our old volumes.

Notwithstanding all these objections, the style has a good deal of vivacity and occasional brilliancy, and the work presents such a mass of valuable information on the affairs of the Levant, and displays so much literary enthusiasm, as should bespeak indulgence or even favour, from the public. The history commences with the very part that might be expected to terminate it, and in ninety pages of the first volume, condenses the events of the Greek war of independence into a summary which may be pronounced excellent. The following passage is a description of the relative position and qualities of the Greek and Turkish forces:—

"Still, however, it cannot fail to excite our astonishment, to see the resources of a powerful empire set at naught, its authority overturned, and its armies successfully opposed during two successive years, by the inhabitants of an impoverished province, by a junto of individuals denominating themselves a government, but possessing neither a navy, an army, cavalry, artillery, magazines, hospitals, or a military chest. Ignorant of the use of the bayonet, and unacquainted with discipline, the forces of the nation could only meet their enemies by land in a kind

of guerilla warfare, and attempt their fortresses by blockading cordons, while by sea their dependence was on their brulottiers and fireships, their small craft being unable to encounter the heavy metal of the Turks' line-of-battle ships and frigates. Under these circumstances, the causes of their success are, of course, chiefly to be sought in the weakness of their opponents. By land the latter were equally devoid of skilful commanders with the Greeks; their armies, too, were rent into similar factions by their leaders, and the feelings of their undisciplined soldiery, of whom a large proportion were forced, against their will, to join the march, were naturally estranged from their rulers by the irregularity of their pay, and the deficiency of their commissariat. Their navy, deprived of the services of the islanders, was manned with untrained landsmen and unskilful Europeans, the refuse of the Adriatic and Mediterranean merchantmen, and their admirals were, in general, persons elected by interest to the office, and totally unacquainted with naval affairs, much less the conduct of an extensive fleet. Besides all this, the Greeks had an important protection in the nature of their country, and more particularly the Peloponnesus, whose mountain passes and narrow defiles, though admirably suited to Kleflic (predatory) warfare, were impracticable for cavalry, and ruinous to any, save native troops, accustomed to their rugged paths, and inured to hardship and fatigue." 1. 77-8.

To this compendium succeed 140 pages, containing, for the most part, an abridgment of Gibbon, who, with all the brilliancy of his style, and all his varied learning, has failed to confer interest on the detail of the intrigues, defeats and crimes which, in Byzantine history, follow each other with an insignificant and tedious uniformity. After parting with Gibbon, a guide for such researches at once safe and agreeable, but who terminates his narrative with the capture of Constantinople, A. D. 1443, the author wanders bewildered about the confines of Turkish and Venetian history, leading his readers through a mazy and perplexed course of 120 pages, to the peace of Passarowitz in 1718. We everywhere meet with learning, often with talent, but rarely with judgment, or any of those striking results which we expect from the hand of a master. We seek in vain for the causes which brought about the regeneration of Greece, and instead of them are presented with a confused medley of quotations, extracts, and tirades bristling with fragments from various languages, and often reminding us of the quaint witticism of old Ray, who compares an obscure and verbose author to the cuttle-fish, that hides itself in its own ink.

And yet the regeneration of Greece, a subject of enthusiastic interest to all that have trodden the

path that to the shades
Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
also invites the researches of the philosophical inquirer who is curious to investigate the causes which impelled the inhabitants of a small district to assert a separate independence, after they had, for two thousand years, been the undistinguished subjects of extensive empires. A uniformity of religious belief, as well as a similarity of taste and manners, conducing to their perfectly coalescing with the Romans, and afterwards remaining the submissive vassals of the Byzantine monarchy. In the latter ages of the Lower Empire, the population of Greece, (consisting of the relics of the original race, mingled with the

† Frying-pan.

‡ Pious verses sung about Christmas.

§ Saints.

strangers introduced by the successive inroads of barbarians,) was divided into many sects, discordant in dialects and manners, but all weakened and humbled by the common lot of insecurity or actual calamity, for the country was from time to time desolated by the incursions of Slavonian nations from the north, or the descents which the Norman and other adventurers of the west made upon the coasts. As any activity which still characterized the inhabitants of Constantinople was of a commercial nature, they monopolized the trade of the Levant, or shared it reluctantly with the powerful republics of Italy; so that Greece, impoverished and exposed both to the heavy demands which the exhausted finances of the Byzantine court compelled it to make on its subjects, and to violent assaults from foreign enemies, was reduced to the lowest state of degradation and weakness. After the Turks had taken Constantinople and extended their power over Peloponnesus and the neighbouring districts, the Greeks found themselves the subjects of a race of rude warriors who professed a faith hostile to their own—were gloomy and phlegmatic in their temperament, dull and ignorant on all intellectual topics, reserved, haughty, and contumelious in their manners, inhuman and shortsighted in the rules, or rather the practice of politics. Elements so opposite as the Greek and Turkish character could never coalesce: still the Greeks were probably gainers by the Turkish conquest; the power of the Sultan allowed no spoiler but himself to molest them: he was, perhaps, far-sighted enough to perceive that even selfish views ought to induce him to fleece, not to flay his flock—to plunder, not to ruin his bondsmen. It is certain that the cunning of the Greeks was a match for the brute force of their tyrants: the wealth extorted under the bastinado or sabre was regained by a thousand arts; and though innumerable individuals were deprived of property and life without any shadow of justice, the majority of the oppressed race acquired, and in obscurity retained, both riches and influence by all those contrivances which have often rendered persecuted sects the principal depositories of the circulating capital of a nation. By the indolence of the Turks a large proportion of the manufacturing industry and internal traffic of the Levant was resigned to the Greeks, who also shared largely in such departments of foreign commerce as were not engrossed by the superior activity and intelligence of the Franks. Gradually acquiring the greater part of the carrying trade, they became expert seamen, and, in addition to the means of escape afforded by the fastnesses of their rugged country, could now on the sea or among the craggy and intricate groups of the isles of the Archipelago, evade the observation and violence of their oppressors. Exercising a prerogative, similar to the practice of granting monopolies by which the English kings used so ruinously to interfere with the freedom of commerce, the Porte conferred on individuals immunities, excepting them from imposts and extortions. Such exemptions, obtained usually at a price varying from 100*l.* to 1000*l.*, were eagerly sought by the quick-sighted avidity of the Greeks; and as the financial improvidence of the Porte latterly subjected it to continual embarrassments, it was, through intrigue and a

dexterous employment of the wealth of those traders, induced in the latter end of the last century to incorporate them into a trading company, under the title of "the European merchants." The continental system of Napoleon, made the Levant the principal channel by which the wares of England, and the produce of her colonies, were introduced, not only into the south of Europe, but distributed over the Continent as far as Poland and the north of Germany. This produced such an influx of wealth, and so rapid a course of prosperity, that before the end of the war, the Greek merchants owned six hundred vessels in the Mediterranean, and gave employment to twenty thousand seamen, natives of their coasts. A seafaring population rarely acquiesces patiently in a state of slavery, and the wealth and intelligence acquired by the Greeks impelled them to spurn subjection to the Turks, whom their vanity led them to disdain as equals, and still less allowed them to brook as masters.

But it was well that the weakness and ignorance of the Greeks, combined with the prostration of mind, produced by the recollection of the recent conquest of their country, prevented them from attempting to throw off the yoke in the high and palmy state of the Osman power. When the Pope trembled at the name of the Sultans—when Charles V., though commanding the resources of America, the Low Countries, Germany and Spain, was kept in continual and extreme alarm, by the restless ambition, the talents and the power of Soliman, any attempt made by the Greeks to achieve their independence might, without any figurative latitude of expression, be denominated an act of suicide: for with such violent impatience did Osman princes of that age view opposition to their will, so prompt was their resentment, so energetic, able, and inhuman, their mode of warfare, that any symptoms of revolt among their subjects, were immediately followed by an effectual *fat* for the extermination of the offenders. But when clouds rising from every quarter began to obscure the splendour of the Turkish crescent; when the Pachas, aware of the imbecility and weakness which marked the government of the Porte, threatened the dissolution of the empire, by their frequent revolts; when the province most important for its wealth, population, and geographical position, had become a scene of contest to two remote nations of Franks; when the Russians, after permanently establishing their dominion over all the northern coast of the Black Sea, repeatedly marched their victorious army over the Danube, the Greeks roused by the noise of wars and revolution all over Europe, and hoping for assistance from nations professing a similar faith and ready on all occasions to express sympathy for their fate, earnestly meditated a simultaneous and desperate effort to retrieve their independence. To the account of this event, and of the causes that materially and proximately produced it, the author ought assuredly to have limited his plan, and not have extended his retrospect to the year 164 B.C.

On reaching the date of the Peace of Passarowitz, the tenor of the narrative is interrupted, and dissertations commence on various subjects, which are treated through 200 pages, containing a profusion of learning, crude, indeed, and often misapplied, but still affording much valuable information concerning the

past and present state of the country, lying in the Ionian and Adriatic Seas and the Archipelago.

Hereafter we may resume our notice.

THE COPPET FAMILY.

Brief Memorials of Jean Frédéric Oberlin, and of

Auguste Baron de Staël-Holstein. By the Rev. J. Sims. London, 1830. Nisbet.

THIS memoir of Oberlin teaches morality and religion by example—it is altogether practical. There is no subtle disputation—no theological refinement—no speculation in it; it is a narrative of the active life of a humble man in the narrow sphere of his ministry. Jean Frédéric Oberlin was the Protestant clergyman of Waldbach, a parish situated in a remote and mountainous district in Alsace, for more than fifty years; and any man placed in like circumstances may here learn how best to direct his zeal, and may, by example, be encouraged in his labours. We should have said no more of this work, had it not been accompanied with the Memoir of the Baron de Staël; and as the writer of the latter has not taken a very enlarged or philosophical view of the subject in all its interesting relations, we shall, in the present happy dearth of new nonsense, treat it in our own way.

Long enough may the world go round before we see such a re-union of talent and distinction as that exhibited by the Coppet family. One individual, the greatest certainly among them, has rather overshadowed the merits of the remaining members;—in talent, there is no question but Madame de Staël was superior; but the recognition of this superiority has induced tacit forgetfulness of the rest of her family. They should be regarded sometimes *en masse*; as acting upon each other, and again acted upon; as modified by contact, varying by contrast—yet finding a meeting point in affection and family harmony. It could not be said that the Necker and De Staël family had all things in common, they were at once, too different and too decided; but each appreciated or imagined in the other some talent or quality self-possessed in an inferior degree, and by the force of friendship seemed to share in the merit. If Madame de Staël were alive, she would be angry to hear us say that we never can help considering Necker as a kind of royalist Roland, just as we fancy Roland a kind of republican Necker—both conscientious, both laborious—abounding in a good sort of talent, sufficient, perhaps, to have made them great men in commonplace days, but which made them mere commonplace men in the days on which they were thrown. Necker was a philosophical financier; in point of genius as inferior to his daughter, as in force of mind and energy of character Roland was to his wife. Then Madame Necker has been even more completely eclipsed, and, except that the dead do not require sympathy, we could feel rather sorry for her; had she been alive, we should have kept at the greatest possible distance from her. She was a personification of system, method, industry, limitless belief in the power of instruction, estimation of knowledge, propriety, self-government. What her husband said of her gives a good idea of her character: "To be perfectly amiable, Madame Necker only

wants to have something to forgive in herself." A course of self-reproach would have softened down her excellence: her virtues seem to have been crystallized; her talent, to have been worked out like a mathematical problem. She loved study, and she made a study of everything;—in short, she was a *chef-d'œuvre* of education, and her daughter was a *chef-d'œuvre* of genius. Yet Madame de Staël, even as regarded that very genius, was under incalculable obligations to her parents; her passionate love of her father made her always too much aware of his merits. Justice to Madame Necker was rendered later: such a child—all passion, impulse, wit, and wild gaiety—was not likely to love by instinct the formalities of her mother. That mother was conscientiously ambitious to make her daughter a world's wonder; but she conceived that all must be done by education. Truly, as Dandie Dinmont says, "Education is a fine thing both for man and beast"; but the juvenile Necker had rather too much of it. We find her at eleven years old sitting by her mother (very upright) on a little wooden stool, discussing high and mighty points—love, law, and physic—with the leading men of the day. Her amusements were of the same nature, exciting the mind, and exhausting the body; she acted in plays, and wrote on various subjects; her vanity was stimulated on all hands, and her sensibility stimulated itself. The result was natural: at fourteen her health sunk; a wise physician ordered her into the country, and all study into oblivion, and poor Madame Necker was constrained to forego her darling education.

There are hundreds of English Madame Neckers, who would do well to consider this fact, and pause in their anxiety to educate prodigies—for the grave; or mere commonplace children into prodigies. Madame de Staël's genius was not the result of tuition, nor of the highly-stimulating, hot-house life she led; but many of her faults were, and much of her unhappiness. Her exaggerated estimate of the value of brilliant society and conversation—her total incapacity for sustaining retirement—her perpetual need of a crowd, and, in a crowd, of admirers and admiration—are more attributable to early circumstances than to inherent dispositions. Yet it must be repeated, that her obligations to her parents were infinite. Necker's reputation roused her native energy to be worthy of him. His honesty and frankness taught her to love honesty and frankness too; so that it is hardly a paradox to call her the most naturally artificial woman that ever lived. In after-life she appreciated the merit of her mother, and said, (how many, not Madame de Staëls, have said the like!) "*Plus je vis, plus je comprends ma mère, et plus mon cœur a le besoin de se rapprocher d'elle.*" When she had the charge of children of her own, she avoided the systematising manner, from which she had herself suffered, and, as a mother, received an abundant reward in the sound talent and manly unsophisticated excellence of her son—in the sweetness and grace, or, to speak more expressively, *graciousness* of her daughter. It has long struck us, that Madame de Staël is at once over-estimated, and not duly appreciated. We often hear her mind spoken of as an orb of light, and her moral dispositions painted in extreme shadow; her

dazzling conversation and her dislike of her own sex; her profound knowledge of the heart and unequivocal love of flattery; her wit and her vanity have been so inextricably associated, that comparatively few have courage to avow their admiration of this splendid woman, without the preface of many ifs and buts. The friend who called her "*Un phénomène unique sur la terre,*" spoke ridiculously; and the enemy who sneeringly termed her a "*phraseuse,*" spoke falsely. She was infinitely less than the former; infinitely more than the latter;—and Napoleon knew it; but the extraordinary man, and the extraordinary woman, both exhibited, with reference to each other, the little in great. He wanted political admiration—she personal; she was feminine in her hatred—he feline in his spite. Lord Byron has equally left on record some expressions of very strong admiration, rendered questionable by his known dislike to *savantes*, and by an after-sketched of her conversation, as bitter as it is brilliant. Rousseau's remark on a similar subject, is emphatically true here: in ceasing to be a woman, she did not become a man; while she drew upon her own imagination, her own heart, her own observation, she gave us works that a man will find it easier to admire than to imitate; but when she came to politics and metaphysics, she laid herself open to assault. On her own ground, she was a sorceress; elsewhere, she was a sorceress deprived of her spells. Mentally, too, she owed much to her station; it introduced her to advantages that money cannot purchase, and that unassisted talent seldom gains;—her genius was her own; but that genius was fed by intercourse with all that was high, wise, brilliant, various, noble, just, and good, in the countries where she travelled or made her abode. We repeat, that her genius was her own—the diamond of her own mind; yet was it cut and polished, and brought to perfection by advantages then open to few, now to none.

We have not time to speak of Madame de Staël intellectually, and there is no need—her escutcheon is already in the temple of fame; and if the motto on that escutcheon be, "*Jamais, jamais, je n'ai été aimée comme j'aime,*" its mournfulness tells in her favour, by proving that a life and habits intensely artificial, had not hidden from her the worth of the first and simplest blessing of life—that all her other ambition quailed before that of the heart. It is here that we do not think she has general justice done her: she loved admiration, required homage, and enjoyed the éclat of her circumstances; but she loved her father, children, and friends more: she was seen to most advantage in private life—there her brilliancy could give place to sympathy and active service—there she was kind, patient, forbearing, indulgent—and there she not only loved with all her heart, but with all the powers of her mind. Her merit, as a mother, was great; sincerity was her only system; she would not even tolerate the little games by which children are played into the elements of knowledge: she was candid with them, as some might fancy, to excess; yet she maintained authority, considering that its just and temperate exercise saves a thousand falsehoods; and that the perpetual use of reasoning and sentiment often wearies and indurates the heart. She so treated her children, that they passionately

loved and esteemed her. "At the age of five or six," says the Duchess de Broglie, "we disputed, in order to know whom she loved best; and when she allowed one of us a *tête-à-tête*, it was a favour that almost excited jealousy. She pushed her scruples on our account almost too far, reproaching herself even for our defects. 'If you have faults,' she would say, 'I shall not only be unhappy, I shall feel remorse.' Never was a mother at once more confiding and more dignified." And time consolidated and quieted the powers and the feelings of this distinguished woman; for a long time life was to her like the hall of Eblis, through which she wandered with her hand upon a heart environed by flames. To say that Madame de Staël was ever a happy woman, would, we have private reason to know, be incorrect. Even her marriage with Rocca, whilst it gave her a new object to live for, and filled up, in some measure, the great chasm made by the death of her father,—even that marriage, so strange and yet so happy, opened a door for a new anxiety. His health kept her in constant alarm—she devoted all her powers to serve him—she was a married Corinne; but the Rose, (so she loved to call him,) with greater apparent fragility, was less fragile than herself; he outlived her, mourned her, and went to die in Provence. But time calmed down her impetuous sensibility, reconciled her more to solitude, led her to think less vaguely on religion, more soberly on the real aspect of life, more humbly of herself:—to use the figure of her devoted friend Madame Necker Saussure—if waves yet beat round her heart, the storm had subsided. She said herself, and the remark ought to be remembered, "*Toutes les fois que je suis seule, je prie.*" Towards the close of her life she read Fenelon often; and a spirit that had long "disquieted itself in vain" began to see that, to attain rest, it must anchor in the bosom of divinity. She died; and the finest mausoleum to her memory is, not the one in which she lies, nor yet her works, many of them radiant with immortality—but the character of her children, formed as they were under her superintendence.

Of the living it would be indelicate to speak; but of Auguste Baron de Staël, whose useful, honourable, manly life was closed by a too early death, we ought perhaps to have spoken sooner. He was born in 1790, and died in 1827, when in knowledge, principle, and happiness, he might be said to have reached his prime. He had not been married a year; he had identified himself with a multitude of objects that have a generous and firmly-grounded utility for their object. To philosophy and politics he added religion, and that not "of the woods," but of the Scriptures of truth. He identified himself with the leading religious institutions of Paris; he exerted all his influence and talent on behalf of the Mômiers, as they were contemptuously called, when persecuted by the government of the Canton de Vaud; and during the later years of his life, he endeavoured to create, at Coppet, an agricultural establishment on a large scale, hoping from it both moral and political amelioration. Of his works, his "*Letters on England*" are the most generally known, and most highly valued; they evince both sagacity and acuteness. But if it was once said of a poet,

His virtues formed the magic of his song,—so it may be said of the Baron de Staël, that his worth made the reputation of his mind. He was not brilliant; he was, says a French writer, “ce que les Anglais appellent—a matter-of-fact man.” His talent seemed the result of his integrity; he had the genius of goodness; he was a compromise between his grandfather and his mother. From childhood he had such a profound respect for duty, that M. Necker was accustomed to call him, “Un honnête homme d’enfant.” He laboured day and night when at college, in the hope that, if his examination were brilliant, he might acquire the means of pleading for his mother, then banished from France by Napoleon.

At fifteen she entrusted to him the management of her affairs;—at seventeen, the celebrated interview took place between himself and the Emperor, at which, nothing daunted, he pleaded his mother's cause with prudence, delicacy, and spirit. His death was unexpected by all but himself; for several months previous to his decease, he had felt that which is expressed in the lines,

I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away.

He might be said to expire patriarchally. The evening before his decease, the spirit triumphed over the tabernacle of flesh, he raised himself in his bed, and made prayer and supplication for all around him—for all whom he had loved, and was to see no more in the body. So died Auguste Baron de Staël; less, far less gifted than his mother, with the heritage of genius and of fame; but more, far more highly endowed with dispositions that are not “of the earth, earthy.” The funeral solemnity showed in what reverence he had been held; the chateau of Coppet was full of mourners, the park was crowded in a similar manner; and according to a request made with his characteristic humility, he was interred at the feet of his mother. He inherited one of those names that it is difficult not to tarnish, and bequeathed it to his child more illustrious than he received it.

The Royal Register, Genealogical and Historic, for 1831. By P. J. Burke. London. Jennings & Chaplin.

THIS royal volume, in all its glory of crimson and gold, with the pleasant portrait of our gracious Queen, an epithet not used in the common cant as applicable to all queens, but in sober seriousness as descriptive of all we ever heard of this amiable woman, is really a very choice volume for the drawing-room tables of our aristocracy. It is, professedly, an adaptation of the ‘Almanac de Gotha,’ a work in great request on the continent, though hardly known in England. We shall allow the author to describe his own work, for the list of contents is the best recommendation we can give to it. “The Royal Register is divided into four parts. The first embraces the sovereign princes of Europe in alphabetical order, with all the living members of their respective families. The second, the princes not invested with sovereign power, with the members of their families, likewise alphabetically arranged. The third, all the ministers of state, and the corps diplomatique at the different courts of Europe. The fourth, the commencement of an historic outline of the sovereign houses of Europe,” which is to be continued in the ensuing annual volumes.

The Extraordinary Black Book. By the original Editor. London, 1831. Wilson.

A VERY extraordinary and a very Black Book it is. We remember when this work first made its appearance about ten years ago, we thought ourselves fortunate in having secured a copy and concealed it behind works of less meaning, without the traitorous act being known even to our personal friends. Ten years have wrought great changes—and we suspect that we shall meet with this enlarged and corrected edition on the tables of many of our worthy and loyal country gentlemen, who would have heretofore raved and foamed at the mere mention of the work. The present edition is very beautifully printed, and evidently intended for a different class of purchasers, and is very certain of finding them.

Topographical Dictionary of London and its Environs. By James Elmes, Architect. London, 1831. Whittaker & Co.

A WORK greatly wanted, and that cannot fail to be successful—it deserves a place on the table of every club and coffee-house in London, and for the convenience of the public, ought to be in all respectable shops. Of course we cannot report how far it is accurate, but in some dozen instances, where we have referred to places within our own knowledge, the localities have been most minutely and correctly described.

A Familiar Analysis of the Calendar of the Church of England, and Perpetual Guide to the Almanac. By the Rev. H. F. Martindale, A.M. London, Effingham Wilson.

THIS is a useful book; but the thing really wanting is, a reform of the Calendar itself. If St. Silvester, and St. Leonard, St. Crispin, St. Levy, St. Catherine, St. Giles, St. George, and all the other apocryphal names, were got rid of, there would be no need of the apocryphal nonsense which must form the Guide to the Calendar. There was an apology for any name and saint, when the red letters in which they figured distinguished that day as a holiday, and when even a slave became free, as by the laws of our Saxon ancestors, if his master compelled him to labour on a holiday; but now that we have reformed these things, we might as well carry our reformation a little farther, and strike out the names themselves. Till that is done, an interpreter will be wanted, and the present is just so much better than Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*, that it is one third the size and one fourth the price.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LINES WRITTEN ON THE OPERA PROSPECTUS, 1831.

Lots of French dancers, old and new,
French singers, and French fiddlers too—
All French and foreign—all
From manager to candle-snuffer;—
Thus our poor English livers suffer
From overflow of Gaul.

JOHN BULL.

Anti-Gallican Coffeehouse.

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

Ah, John! when vexed with bile or spleen,
All things with jaundiced eyes are seen;
But since each nation—nay, each creature,
Is marked by some distinctive feature,
Leave thou the caper and the trill
To Frenchman and Italian still:
They have their talent—you your way;
They sing and dance—you growl and pay.

T. K. T.

LINES SENT TO A FRIEND WITH A LEAF FROM VIRGIL'S TOMB.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Go, thou sere leaf, an exile pale
From thy blue heaven and southern tree,
Thou hast no whisper for the gale—
What charm is left with thee?

What charm? e'en such as relics wear
Unto deep hearts, and thoughtful eyes,
Go—to the couch of sickness bear
Dreams of Italian skies.

A glittering sea—a vine-clad hill—
A poet's tomb, the crown of all—
A glow of soft Elysian light,
Thine aspect will recall.

Yet not in thee such power is shrined,
Thy heritage of soil or sun,
I send thee to a gifted mind,
Thence must the spell be won.

CRITICISM.

[Concluded from page 73.]

THE effect of the multiplied abuses of criticism on authors, will be variously estimated, according to the temperament of the valuers, and the point of view from which they are studied. Whether or not they have as yet steeped the craft in blood-guiltiness; whether that craft is answerable for the death of Keats, or has otherwise materially increased the demand for coroners, it is not necessary to inquire. The general tendency to repress the aspirations of untiring genius, and the occasional strangulation of works of acknowledged merit, are counts of indictment sufficiently grave, and abundantly substantiated. That criticism properly conducted, forwards the best interests of literature, is a self-evident proposition; and there are cases (strange as it may appear to the uninitiated) in which the most virulent and unjust critiques have served to bring a book into extra circulation. Books appear and succeed each other with such rapidity, that there is danger of being lost in the crowd. A bitter attack is therefore a species of notability; and “better be damned, than not be named at all,” is an established maxim with authors. In the midst of the harshest censure, if copious extracts are given, (however unfairly selected,) the real character of the work will transpire, to the advantage of those authors who deserve to succeed. This is, however, now so well understood, that when it is determined to run down a victim, those specimens are restricted in quantity, wholly withheld, or falsified by partial omissions, undue juxtapositions, and other deceptive artifices calculated to make the work appear odious or absurd. The excessive duties upon paper, stamps, and advertisements, operate to increase these injuries an hundred fold. If the trade of reviewing were open and unrestricted, the multitude of counsellors would lead to wisdom and to truth. The sentiments of one Aristarchus would balance those of another: and no combination of intrigue could lead them all in one direction. But at present, monopoly may and does work most formidable mischief to literature, and occasions the most infamous oppression of individual writers. The concurrence of two or three leading journals to discredit a new work, will effectually suspend its sale; and that such a concurrence may, in particular instances, be procured, is matter of notoriety to authors and booksellers. By the

same agency on the other hand, useless and mischievous books are forced into unnatural circulation, and the reading public defrauded of its ready money, to the injury of every contemporaneous publication. Whoever has written a book calculated to affect society by its results, or otherwise to escape from the ranks of mediocrity, may trace, in his own case, the workings of many causes conspiring to produce this seeming uniformity, in the judgments of reviews. One periodical attacks him for his politics; another, which upon public principles should support him, happens to dislike his country. There are who make it a point to censure all Irish authors; and it has been said, that when an Irishman is to be roasted, there is always at hand an Irishman to turn the spit. Personal jealousy finds vent in a third publication, and rival bookselling in a fourth. A fifth possibly attacks for the purpose of being witty, or maintaining its character for severity. One review fights under the banner of the church; and another under that of some great lay corporation. There may perhaps be an old grudge to settle, or the "pope, the devil, or the pretender" may fancy himself injured by a paragraph or a chapter; and any of these respectable personages may have his feed agents at work, to set in motion some portion of the press. Provided a writer enjoys a little celebrity, and has in his character some share of that species of honesty, familiarly called indiscretion, he will not find it difficult thus to bring a very considerable majority of the critics on his back; and then, the Lord send him a good deliverance! Without monopoly, this could not happen; and monopoly therefore gives more than half its venom to the abuses of reviewing. But monopoly is profitable; and it may be as well to reason on the matter, as if it were what it probably will be, perpetual. *Conciosiacosache* it becomes a leading duty in a Review, which, like the Athenæum, means to act honestly to the public, to set before the innocents among its readers, a view of the arts by which the craft and mystery of the trade are conducted; and to endeavour at "insensing" them concerning the differential characteristics of an honest and a corrupt article. To do justice to such a theme, would require more space than remains for this paper: besides, a *Sanchezian* display of peccadilloes of reviewers, would be even more cynical than the celebrated book *de matrimonio*, and would scandalize his Majesty's lieges, in a very un-nineteenth-century way. A few hints must for the present suffice;—leaving it to time, opportunity, and lawful provocation, to determine whether or not the sketch shall hereafter be complete.

As all reviewers are, *virtute officii*, men of talent and erudition, it follows as plainly as one of Euclid's Q, E, D, that when they are fairly and dispassionately sitting upon an author, they must come to pretty nearly the same common conclusions as to his general merits, or, at least, as to their more salient particulars. When, therefore, a "surprising agreement" is found to pervade the periodical press in running a-muck against any work, and no two reviewers are of one mind as to the why and the wherefore, *probatum est*, intrigue is at work. The same remark holds respecting puffing panegyrics: for, though the word may be given along the line to praise or to blame, a concurrent selection of topics and particular

opinions is not so easily to be obtained. One critic falls foul of the matter, another of the style; another dislikes the cut of the author's religion, and a fourth is offended with his nose. One censures the production *in globo*, as an unredeemed monstrosity; another, like a botanical dissector, with a needle and a lens, picks the book to pieces leaf by leaf, justifying his censure by a modicum of praise, or *vice versa*, as the case may require. It is by no means uncommon to find different reviewers selecting the same topic, the one for censure the other for praise. Now, all these judgments cannot be equally true; and, as the discrepancies must not be attributed to any intellectual deficiencies in the infallible "we," they may safely be set down to the account of malice prepense.

Reviewing, wholesomely conducted, is as gentle a craft as shoemaking; but there are cobblers in both trades. A legitimate critic, like a constitutional judge, is counsel for the prisoner, and, if he is obliged to censure, like Izaak Walton with his bait, he runs the knife into his victim's body "as if he loved him." Such a critic always bears in mind, that by slaying an author outright, he loses his subject in perpetuity; and that the race of writers should be encouraged, as game is preserved, for the sake of the *battu*. A reviewer, therefore, who sets to work in a passion and calls an author bad names, such as jacobin, atheist, "audacious worm," and the like, may be safely suspected of not understanding his trade, or of having nothing of serious accusation to prefer against the book in question. In the same category of non-professional abuse, should be placed the too frequent employment of general terms implying censure in themselves—such, for instance, as blasphemy, bigotry, quackery, whiggery, and the like. All general and sweeping assertions, indeed, unsupported by proof, inasmuch as they are within reach of the meanest capacities and of the most unprofessional indolence, are marks of the beast, and just causes of suspicion to the reader. It is not genuine criticism to call a book "of the satanic school," nor to excite prejudice against an author by branding him as a "cockney." In theology, however, "Socinian" is a permissible reproach; and "latitudinarian," a lawful projectile: but then, theologians are a pugnacious race, and their example is not to be drawn into a precedent against the courtesies of lay reviewing.

A professional critic is presumed to be acquainted with the "*omne scibile*," and he cannot, without derogation, confess his ignorance of any matter that may incidentally cross him in his labours. But, as men of genius may forget more than common fellows ever knew, and as accidents will happen in the best regulated families, it does now and then occur in criticizing miscellaneous books, such as voyages, travels, novels, &c., that the reviewer stumbles on a chapter, of which, in the vulgar phrase, "he can neither make head nor tail." In this case, a fair dealer trots off to the *collaborateur*, in whose especial department the matter lies; but (as this procedure costs time and shoe-leather, and as article-writers have *soles* to be saved, however it may fare with them as to the "*animula blandula*") the buccaneer reviewer at once pronounces this portion of his author's book to be nonsense, "trash" (*c'est le mot technique*), and "utterly unworthy of the reader's consideration." Thus, if my gentleman is

tant soit peu brouillé with the doctrine of numbers, a statistical table is a dry calculation. If he is no adept in ontology, a metaphysical chapter is "jargon," a mass of confusion, in which the author loses himself and his readers. If he does not understand a joke, playfulness is trifling, and fancy impertinent. If he be a superficial stringer of sentences, elaborate reasoning is long-winded prose: "*et sic de cæteris*."

There is a practice common among reviewers, of being very angry with a book for not being something else than what it is. As, for instance, when an author has treated his subject ethically, it is objected against him, that he has not considered the matter chemically, or arithmetically. If he has written in prose, he is told he should have turned his thoughts into an epic poem. If he produces a quarto, he ought to have condensed his ideas into a duodecimo; and if he is didactic he should have written in epigrams. Whether this be or be not fair criticism, is difficult to decide; for if, on the one hand, an author is the best judge of his own powers and intentions—a critic, on the other, is not bound to eat pepper with his cream tart if he does not like it. Thus much, however, is clear, that such a mode of proceeding is very convenient to the reviewer, who has it at heart to injure his author: it saves a world of labour and research, and there is no work in existence that can make head against the process. A more compendious method still of damning an enemy, is, to place the title of his book at the head of an article—to write forty pages on the same subject without mentioning his name, and to finish in these or similar words—"Mr. —'s book, we beg to say in conclusion, is not readable."

Whether a millennium of fair, honest, analytical, and expository reviewing will ever arise, *reste à savoir*: but, as this is a reforming age, there may be some hopes that criticism may turn to and mend, along with parliament and the church. As things are now managed, the great majority of periodicals "misuse the king's press most d—ly," inasmuch, even, as to endanger their own existence by destroying the confidence of the public. They play their game too openly, and forget that "*artis est celare artem*." No man did more injury to reviewing, as a state engine, than Gifford, who cut and hacked till his hatchet would no longer bear grinding. Just so, a well-known monopolist has destroyed the efficacy of puffing, by overstraining the bow; and he threatens utterly to eradicate the art, as Saturn eat his own offspring. To the editor of each particular journal, therefore, I say, repent before it is too late—"ut teipsum serves non expergisceris?"—if not, you will fill like a wash-tub, and go down like the Royal George.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 3.—G. Rennie, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—The minutes and proceedings of the former meeting were read; and the following works named as having been presented to the Society since the last meeting:—A general History of Birds, in ten volumes, by Dr. John Latham, with an Index in one volume, from the author; an Account of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, according to Bernoulli, with a Treatise on Ellipsoids, by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., from the

author; Recapitulation of Mr. Palgrave's Observations on the State of Historic Literature; the Second Part of the Catalogue of the Hunterian Collection, from the College of Surgeons; the Second Number of the Journal of the Royal Institution, from the Editors.

A certificate was read in favour of the admission of Charles James Beverly, Esq.

A paper on the Lunar Theory, by Dr. Lardner, was read. It commenced with a view of the progress made in this useful problem, established on Newton's theory of gravitation, since the completion of the Tables of the Moon's Motions. The merit of Dr. Lardner's paper consisted in the great care and attention he had bestowed on the minute quantities and coefficients. The coefficient of the Sun's parallax had been calculated, by La Place, to amount to nine seconds; and Dr. Lardner had made it rather more than eight and a half, which was found to be about the mean of that deduced from actual observation. It was observed in the conclusion of the paper, that the Lunar Theory was yet susceptible of great improvement in the particular of the minute coefficients, and that much remained to be done by any who would venture to undertake the task.

The thanks of the Society were voted for the above contributions.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 28.—At the meeting of the members this evening, Mr. Ainsworth delivered a lecture on Geology, in which he principally directed the attention of his audience to the formations apparently of igneous origin, and adduced numerous examples of the displacement of beds of transition and secondary formation, by those commonly denominated primary, such as granite, &c. which seem to have risen or rather been thrown upwards by some cause, at a period long subsequent to that in which such masses were originally fused.

That granite and porphyry were formed by the action of fire is extremely probable, from their close resemblance to the volcanic product called lava; and it is also probable that the same internal fire which first fused such immense masses of solid matter, may have subsequently acted so as to raise the rocks already formed, at a period when they were covered by the secondary beds; and as these secondary beds are found all over the world, filled with marine fossil shells and other evidences of an aqueous origin, they must once have been the bed of the sea, though they now constitute the greater portion of the land, and often occupy elevated positions.

There is certainly some difficulty in supposing that all, or nearly all, the land upon our globe has risen out of the sea; but it is certain that some change has taken place, and the only alternative is, to suppose that the sea, which occupies three quarters of the surface of the globe, has fallen or diminished in quantity, so as to leave the land dry—a much greater difficulty than the former supposition.

The whole subject is extremely interesting, but our limits will only permit us to mention facts, with the hope that a sketch, however imperfect, may yet be acceptable to such of our readers as are not versed in geological inquiries.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Faraday expressed his intention of giving short explanations of such curious productions as are laid on the table at the evening meetings; and on that occasion he had to notice two very beautiful specimens of silver, cast into a mass, each weighing several hundred ounces. It is the property of silver, when cast in a large quantity, and suffered to cool rapidly in the air, to throw off such a prodigious quantity of oxygen just before it sets, as to produce a most irregu-

lar surface, and frequently to throw portions of the melted metal out of the mould.

That silver should be able to retain a greater quantity of oxygen when intensely heated than when cool, is a singular anomaly—a fact in direct opposition to the general phenomena observed with respect to other substances, which part with their oxygen as they become heated. Mr. Faraday expressed a hope that the metals might ultimately be decomposed, and with that view he watched with the greatest care for any deviations from ordinary phenomena which may be observed to attend the chemical treatment of those important substances.

On the table of the Library were several curious objects of art, and among them models of the method that has been lately proposed to construct the interior of chimneys of cast-iron, in pieces, so as to form a continued tube worked into the brickwork, mentioned in the *Athenæum* of the 8th January last (p. 30). The internal diameter of the tube need not be more than eight inches, and the chimney, being cylindrical, can be swept by any suitable machine. We heartily wish that this, or some such contrivance, may ultimately prevent the dreadful practice of employing human beings in so dangerous an occupation.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The first meeting of the College was held last Tuesday. Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., G.C.H., President, in the chair.—The Library was excessively crowded;—amongst the more distinguished visitors, were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Stanhope, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Chichester, Lord Tenterden, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Baron Vaughan, Mr. Justice Park, Mr. Justice James Parke, the Attorney-General, Baron Falck, the Right Hon. C. W. Wynne, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Asdley Cooper, Bart., and most of the leading members of the learned professions.

An able and eloquent dissertation was read by Sir Henry Hallford, 'On the Influence of some of the Diseases of the Body on the Mind,' principally those of the more marked and simple chronic description; among which were Apoplexy, and its too frequent attendant, Palsy—diseases that obscured the talents of the great Marlborough, in the latter period of his life; and beneath which, likewise, sank the energetic spirit of Dean Swift—

From Malbro's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

Epilepsy and Consumption were also touched upon by the learned author; and those distressing cases in which the heart and its principal vessels become the seat of organic disease. Sir Henry then went on to state, and with much effect, his opinion respecting the conduct proper to be observed by a physician, when the life of his patient draws near its close, and medical aid of no further avail than what may tend to soothe and tranquillize his harassed mind. He said that, for his own part, he considered it his first duty to protract the life of a patient by all practicable means, and to interpose himself between him and everything which might possibly aggravate his danger; but, whilst he would shroud from the sufferer the awful appearance of death, he deemed it indispensable not to keep the friends and relatives in ignorance of the fearful truth. If, then, observed the learned President, in cases attended with danger in private life, the physician has need of caution, how much more must that caution be increased, when the patient is of so elevated a rank, as to render his safety an object of anxiety to an expectant nation. Sir Henry then proceeded to say, that, in such a situation, the physician has a duty to perform, not only to the sick personage and his family, but also to the public, who, in

their anxiety for his recovery, are apt to desire more information than may be compatible with safety to the object of their solicitude. Bulletins respecting the health of a sovereign differ widely from the announcements which a physician is called upon to make in humbler life. These public documents are likely to become known to the royal sufferer himself, and the physician, whilst endeavouring to relieve the anxiety, or satisfy the curiosity of the nation, cannot, certainly, be warranted to endanger the safety of the patient. Sir Henry Hallford then adverted to the case of his late Majesty. The king's government, and the royal family were, he said, apprised as early as the 27th of April, that his Majesty's disease was seated in the heart, and that an effusion of water into the chest was soon to be expected. It was not, however, until the latter end of May, that the royal patient was so discouraged by repeated attacks of embarrassment in his breathing, as to desire Sir Henry to explain to him the nature of his complaint, and to give him his candid opinion of its probable termination. This opportunity enabled Sir Henry to communicate to the king the extent of his fears. The result was, an immediate preparation for death, and an early day was fixed upon for the administering the sacrament, which his Majesty received with the most fervent piety and devotion, and acknowledged to Sir Henry Hallford repeatedly afterwards, that it had given him "great consolation—true comfort." After this, said the learned President, I thought myself at liberty to interpret every new symptom as it arose, in as favourable a light as I could for his Majesty's satisfaction, and we were enabled thereby to rally his spirits in the intervals of his frightful attacks. By these means cheerfulness was preserved, and his departure from life rendered easy, placid, and gentle. Indeed, it might be said of our late lamented sovereign, as it had been said of one of the Roman emperors, "non tam mori videretur, quam dulci et alto sopore exipit."

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 29.—Dr. Granville in the chair.—Mr. Quain brought before the Society a most learned and excellently-arranged disquisition on the vascularity of the brain, the diseases to which it is subject, and the symptoms distinguishing those affections. Mr. Quain especially illustrated some new diagnostic marks between inflammation of the substance, or the medullary portion of the cerebrum, and the meninges or membranes covering that organ. He further, at the conclusion of his address, adduced some specious and interesting arguments in favour of organology. He referred to the organ of memory particularly. He had repeatedly observed, where the forehead was prominent or elevated, and the anterior lobes of the brain enlarged, that faculty very deficient: that opinion was warmly opposed by Dr. A. T. Thompson, and other members. Mr. Quain's paper was listened to with much attention. An animated discussion followed, consisting, principally, of critical examinations of some of the more novel and prominent arguments advanced by the author. Among the disputants, we observed Drs. Thompson, Gregory, Stewart, Messrs. North, King, Burnett, and Ainsworth.

Mr. King related an interesting case occurring in the *Hôtel Dieu*, some time since, illustrative of the truth and advantage of Mr. Quain's distinctions. A French officer was lying in a perfectly comatose paralyzed state, having fractured his skull. By the aid of these diagnostic marks, the surgeons, Andval, Dupuytren, and others, were enabled to ascertain that the substance of the brain was inflamed; there was evidence also of suppuration. The gentleman was trephined, a scalpel was passed into the brain, and

matter was liberated: complete restoration to health, and a return of mental powers, was the consequence. The debate was very spirited to the last moment, when the question was adjourned for consideration at the next meeting.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The members of this Society held their usual meeting on Tuesday, A. B. Lambert, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair.—The Secretary read some remarks on the *pubilli* of insects by John Blackwall, Esq., F.L.S. Charles Morgan Le Mann, B.M., John Martin, Esq., and Mr. Charles Linneus Martin, were elected Fellows of the Society. Professor Jens Wilkins Horne- man, of Copenhagen, Christian Godfrey Ehren- berg, Adrian de Jussieu, of Paris, and Edward Rüppell, D.M., of Franckfort, were proposed as foreign members. Among other interesting presents were fourteen undescribed birds from New Holland.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 2.—Professor Sedgwick, President, in the chair.—Robert Trotter, Esq. was elected a Fellow of the Society.

The paper entitled 'Supplementary Observations on the Structure of the Austrian and Bayarian Alps,' by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. Sec. G.S., F.R.S. &c., and begun at last meeting, was concluded.

Among the donations exhibited, was a geological map of Styria, executed under the superintendence of John Arch-Duke of Austria, and presented by his Imperial Highness to the Society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of this Society was held on Thursday in Bruton Street, Sir Robert Heron, Bart., M.P., in the chair.—The report of the council read by the Secretary stated, that all the buildings at the garden and farm had been completed. The receipts during the past month were upwards of 500*l.*, and the number of visitors 1282. Sixteen candidates were elected Fellows of the Society, and Capt. Beechey, R.N., with Capt. Glasspoole, and Henry Harris, of the Hon. East India Company's service, were elected corresponding members. It was stated, on the part of the council, that a letter had been received from the Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Society, announcing his lordship's intention to resign that office at the ensuing anniversary. The evening meetings of the committee of science and correspondence had excited so much interest among the members, that at the request of numerous applicants, the council had determined that in future the meetings of this committee held on the evenings of the second and fourth Tuesday in every month, should be open to the members generally, and the second printed report of proceedings was delivered gratis on application. The Secretary stated that he was about to commence a course of lectures on Ornithology at the Royal Institution, to which the members of the Zoological Society would be admitted by ticket, to be applied for in Bruton Street. After some discussion on two subjects, of which due notice had been given, the meeting adjourned.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The only thing worth reporting of the meeting on Tuesday last, was the communication of a paper on the Potato, from the pen of T. A. Knight, Esq., the President. It abounded with interesting information, pointing out the success and profit which would attend the use of the potato in the feeding of animals—especially hogs, and sheep, in preference to the Swedish turnip, the crops of which are not unfrequently in their failure; and the superiority of its meal in some

measure over wheat itself. The inferences, drawn from many years' observations, were of the soundest description, and the calculation on the produce yielded, very just.

The usual winter's display of apples and pears was on the table, and cuttings of superior sorts of cherries and plums were distributed to the Fellows.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 2.—Earl Stanhope in the chair.—The customary annual address was delivered by the noble President, to a very crowded audience; in the course of which, he alluded to those important improvements which had taken place in the Society during the last year, by the appointment of a professor of chemistry, and the formation of a medical committee. After briefly and perspicuously reviewing the most valuable of the papers which had been read during the same period, his Lordship, in a very eloquent and able manner, endeavoured to impress upon the minds of the members, the value of a discovery amongst the treasures of the vegetable world, of an antidote against that most dreadful of all human evils, hydrophobia. The experiments made with the *mecania guaco*, in cases of that disease, and also of *rabies canina* in dogs, by Mr. Caesar Hawkins, the noble earl regarded as highly important, and informed the meeting, that the Society had determined upon procuring a quantity of the guaco, for distribution amongst those of the medical profession who were willing to make experiments of its efficacy; and also, that the gold medal would be awarded by the Society to any individual who should discover a vegetable specific for that disease. The root of the *allium plantago*, he also strongly recommended to be tried, as several instances had been given of its value as a powerful and sure remedy for that direful and malignant disease.

Earl Stanhope eulogized in the highest terms the valuable assistance which had been rendered to the Society by their officers, and particularly regretted the resignation of Mr. Humphrey Gibbs as Secretary.

Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., moved that the thanks of the Society should be given to the noble President, for his valuable and interesting address, and that the same should (with his permission) be printed for the use of the members—a proposition which was unanimously carried.

Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., G.C.H., Robert Bree, M.D. F.R.S., and George Leith Roupell, M.D., were appointed, by Earl Stanhope, as Vice Presidents.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Medical Society..... Eight, P.M.
	{ Chronological Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Medico-Chirurgical Society, Nine, P.M.
	{ Institution of Civil Engineers, Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	Society of Arts½ past 7, P.M.
	{ Royal Society½ past 8, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
	{ Royal Institution½ past 8, P.M.
FRIDAY,	{ Royal Astronomical Society, Eight, P.M.
SATURD.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

On Wednesday last, the fourth meeting of this conversazione was held at the Freemason's Tavern, and was not less interesting than the previous evening. The chief strength of the very brilliant display of works of art exhibited, was in the water-colour drawings of the modern British artists. There is hardly a name of any distinction among them, of whom we did not see a specimen. David Roberts's 'View of Abbeville,' and a large and very highly-finished one, by him, of 'Rouen Cathedral,' in colours,

the property of Lord Wharnccliffe, (who was present at the meeting) were universally admired: they had all the minute finish seen in the works of Edridge, with greater depth and richness of colouring. There was a charming 'View of Fort Rouge at Calais,' by Stanfield, in colours, not inferior to any we have seen by his hand. A 'Landscape with Cattle,' by De Wint, coloured with great richness, and equal to anything we have seen of British art upon paper.

Some very characteristic sketches of figures for their pictures, by Mr. Hart and Mr. Knight, we thought extremely clever; and a small cabinet picture, by the latter artist, of 'An old Man with a Boy playing at his feet,' was, for richness of colour, and beauty of finish, only second to many of the highly-esteemed works of the Dutch painters. Of the works of Bonington, there was an unusual number exhibited; we surely never lost, in early life, so promising a genius, unless it were Harlowe. Mr. Wood, Mr. Rothwell, and Mr. G. Ward, contributed, by their works, greatly to the pleasure of the evening. It was numerously attended by distinguished amateurs, and by several of the Royal Academicians.

CITY OF LONDON ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The first meeting of the above Society was held at Mr. Westley's, 10, Stationers' Hall Court, on Thursday evening, 27th January. Much real benefit may be expected to accrue to art from the formation of such a Society in a city like that of London, where opulence and public spirit abound. The Conversazione met with the most liberal encouragement, and was numerously attended. The contributions were of a high order, and excited universal admiration. Amongst them were several exquisitely-finished miniatures by G. R. Ward; Portraits of the Reverends Mr. Harper and Heugh, &c. &c., by J. R. Wildman; 'Hamlet and Ophelia,' by George Clint, A.R.A.; Portfolios of beautiful drawings, from the collections of Mr. Mawe, Mr. W. B. Roberts, &c. &c.; some impressions from medal dies, by Scipio Clint; several portraits and academical studies, by J. Wood; Busts of Miss Bacon, Dr. Styles, Dr. Stewart, George Clint, &c., by H. B. Burlowe; Bust of the Princess Victoria, by William Behnes; several drawings and portraits by John Hayter; an exquisitely-finished water-colour drawing, by Stephanoff, of 'Rembrandt in his Study'; an etching, by Henry Le Keux, from a picture, by Eastlake, A.R.A., of 'Lord Byron's Dream'; a highly-characteristic head of a Gipsy, by W. Boxall; two water-colour drawings by Penny Williams; and several by E. F. Parris; Portrait of Marshal Lord Beresford, by Richard Rothwell.

We understand that the future meetings of this Conversazione will be held at the Albion, or some other great city tavern.

BRITISH GALLERY, FALL-MALL.

OUR visit to the collection of pictures now exhibiting at this institution, has been wholly unsatisfactory. A large proportion of them we had previously seen at the Royal Academy, and their appearance here indicates that they remain unsold. The greater part of the remainder, rest their highest claims to notice upon minute imitation of fruit or drapery, or nature's homeliest scenery and productions. If anything further be attempted, it is delicate finishing, and a smooth prettiness, to win admiration from those whose highest taste reaches not beyond the Annuals. To what causes this degradation of English art may be referred, we cannot here inquire; but we entertain no small fear that this institution itself is implicated. The prominent places in the rooms are chiefly occupied by

pictures of still life, and such other subjects as depend on skilful imitation, and mere manual dexterity; while nobler attempts and more ambitious hopes (and there certainly are many) are so placed that we cannot possibly estimate them; indeed, during the present unfavourable weather, they literally cannot be seen.† Among those fairly before us, there are many which deserve all the commendation due to expertness in the mechanical part of the art; good drawing, good colouring, tolerable composition, a well-managed general effect, and chiaro-scuro. But there is scarcely a picture unequivocally demanding attention for its manifestation of intellect, or capable of exerting any power over the imagination or feelings of the beholder, by any surpassing power of loveliness, any action of grace, any soul-stirring images of mental or moral grandeur, any poetic views of Nature, or any striking reflex impression of her grandeur or her beauties. And are not these the true legitimate objects of art? We shall glance over the whole collection, and of such as have not been exhibited before, notice the most worthy.

'Too Hot,' E. LANDSEER—A group of highland terriers, at their mess, in all the eagerness of hunger—but, too hot. Every dog of E. Landseer's is painted with unsurpassed fidelity and minuteness, but his great excellence is in the exhibition of character, in all its shades and varieties:—in this instance, the perplexities of puppy brains are exhibited in a marvellous manner. We wish our painters of the human form divine would emulate his accuracy of observation, and catch and portray thought and feeling, and the working of mind, as powerful as Landseer makes it manifest even in a Scotch terrier.

'High Life and Low Life,' two dogs of different "orders," by the same, deserve the same praise.

'The Old Boat-builder,' COLLINS; 'Children playing at Cards,' W. GILL; 'Cottage Children and their Pets,' WOODWARD. We group these, as they agree in representing the simplicity of amiable childhood sweetly and with great good feeling. There is poetry about them all.

The Landscapes of LEE are faithful pieces of nature, works of humble landscape; well drawn, well painted, and coloured with great truth.

'The sketch of a subject for an altar-piece,' ETTY, is very beautiful in colour, and rich, harmonious, and splendid in general effect. We are surprised to see beside it, 'The Storm,' for we could not have conceived so beautiful a little picture would have wanted a purchaser.

'Teniers painting the temptation of St. Anthony,' FRASER, is an exceedingly clever picture, rich in colour, broad, harmonious, and the general effect admirable. It is equal to anything in the Flemish school. By the admirers of this class of works of art, this picture will be considered the star of the exhibition.

'A quest of thoughts, all tenants of the heart,' Shakespeare. BOXALL. This beautiful fancy of our great poet is most grossly abused in the catalogue, by being misquoted. Boxall has embodied the idea in a lovely female head, full of deep feeling and unutterable thought. The flesh is beautiful in the tone of colour, the dress and arrangement simple and appropriate, the effect admirable.

'Fair-day,' WEBSTER and LEE; 'The Culprit,' and 'The Catholic Question,' WEBSTER. Mr. Webster always conceals a joke behind his titles. These pictures are all skilful imitations of various objects. The first is a joint-stock production—the figures are very numerous, but the

† It has been asserted in the daily papers, that the best places at this gallery may be secured by improper influence; surely it behoves those whose province it is to arrange the pictures, to notice this extraordinary charge.

subject wanted the mind of Wilkie to do it justice. All the parts requiring minute representation, are excellent—for the rest we can say nothing.

'The Widow,' C. HANCOCK; 'The Chace,' by the same. This artist, whose name we do not recollect meeting before, rivals E. Landseer in the fidelity of his painting of dogs; and in the latter of these pictures there is in addition, colour, and a poetic manner of treating a subject, something beyond Landseer himself. It deserves great praise.

We shall resume this subject.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations and Descriptions of the Plants which compose the Natural Order Camellieæ: the Drawings by Alfred Chandler; the Descriptions by W. B. Booth, A.L.S. 4to. No. 1—5. Arch.

To the lovers of horticulture, there is scarcely a genus of plants that possesses so many attractions as the Camellieæ, which, in the rich green of its foliage, and the endless variety of form and colour in its beautiful blossoms, would rival the rose, if it possessed its perfume; and the cultivation of which has been pursued with so much ardour, as to bring to mind that madness of the Dutch for tulips and hyacinths, which compelled their government to restrain the prices of such objects by sumptuary laws. This work proposes to give an horticultural account of the more important kinds, accompanied by coloured representations. It is not the first time this attempt has been made: but one work has failed from the directions for cultivation being bad, while the illustrations were good; and another has met with a like fate, from the illustrations being bad, while the horticultural directions were unexceptionable. The authors of the publication now before us, have wisely steered a middle course;—their plates, if not remarkable as specimens of art, are, nevertheless, always respectable—sometimes beautiful, and, which is more important, in all cases faithful likenesses; and their letter-press is executed in a manner unusually perfect in such publications—the practical experience of the authors enabling them to enter into copious details relating to cultivation and propagation, in which, we have no difficulty in saying, the public may place implicit confidence. We trust they will take care that none but "the most select" of the varieties that have been raised in this country shall find a place; otherwise they will extend their numbers beyond all reasonable limits, without any corresponding advantage to their subscribers.

The Witch Scene in Macbeth. J. H. NIXON. G. H. PHILLIPS. John Kendrick.

AMONG the host of imitations of the works of John Martin, we have seen nothing which is more like than this small print; it represents the witches at their incantations, exhibiting to Macbeth, in shadowy array, the royal line of Banquo; and in truth, it possesses a good deal of imagination and well understood effect. Mr. Phillips has ably done his part indeed; this able engraver seems to have been born to give to posterity the creations of the fancies of Mr. Martin and his followers.

Prizes at the Liverpool Exhibition.—The following pictures, exhibited at the last exhibition, have been adjudged the prizes offered by the Common Council:—50*l.* for the best picture painted expressly for the exhibition, to Mr. Robert Lauder, for his painting of the 'Bride of Lammermoor.'—To Resident Artists: 15*l.* to Mr. Mosses, for his painting, in oil, of 'The Orphans.' 15*l.* to Mr. Austin, for his painting, in water colours, of 'Llanberris Pass.'—*Liverpool Herald.*

A Panorama of the Battle of Navarin has just been produced in Paris, upon a principle entirely new and very ingenious; the spectators apparently ascend from the lower-deck to the quarter-deck of the *Scipion*, and, in the course of their ascent, are presented with three successive views of the surrounding engagement from different parts of the vessel, and these views are extended and varied according to the increased height and altered position from which they are supposed to be seen. A friend who has seen it speaks of it as a highly-effective combination of the fine art with the mechanical. M. Langlois is the artist.

MUSIC

THE CITY OF LONDON AMATEURS' CONCERTS.

THE first concert this season was on Monday, at the London Tavern; and when we glanced our eye over the list of names of the composers whose works were to be performed, and found those of Travers, Corelli, Beethoven, Mozart, &c., we could not help wishing that institutions of much higher pretensions would exhibit the same taste in their selections, and that the applause which followed the performance of the compositions, would induce their being more frequently brought before the public. Although the main body of the orchestra consists of amateurs, there is, of necessity, a considerable number of professional performers, the vocal department consisting exclusively of them.

What attracted our attention most, were an Overture by Kuhlman, dedicated to Shakespeare, and performed for the first time in this country; an old Duet by Travers, 'I, my dear, was born to day'; Corelli's Duet (No. 9.) for violoncello and double bass, which was most inimitably executed by Lindley and Dragonetti; Beethoven's sweet Cantata, 'Rosalie,' (Adelaide), to which Horn did ample justice; and Weber's 'Euryanthe.' Nor must we forget Mr. Dando in a Fantasia of De Beriot's. Mozart's Symphony in c was also performed, but a want of rehearsal was evident. A Madame Mesi made her first appearance in England; but, not being pleased with her thin soprano voice, nor her extravagant style of singing, we will withhold our further judgment until, perchance, we hear her again.

THEATRICALS

DRURY-LANE.

ON Monday last Mr. Kean re-appeared at this theatre, or rather we should say, rose again—for, having taken leave of his friends long since at the Opera-house, and bequeathed them his blessing, he was understood to be dead in the eye of the theatrical law. However, it seems that "where there is a will there is a way"—and as his will was not to stay away—

Pop up he rose
In a new suit of clothes,

as the song has it—and re-presented himself and represented *Richard the Third*. We know not how it has happened, but some convulsion of theatrical nature, some stage-quake as it were, has generally of late years preceded the coming of this Sock-chief. We have known people so fond of fuss and noise, that they would make a thundering knocking at their own street-door, though they found it open, rather than go in quietly. Thus it seems to be with Mr. Kean. He must surely have been "got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born." With these feelings, we fear he must have been disappointed, that no opposition was offered him on Monday night. He was received, and we were glad to observe it, with the warmth and cordiality due to one who has been so distinguished a favourite. The audience were evidently pleased to see him again, and willing to join him in forgetting that any cause had ever existed why they should not.

This was clearly the good sense of the thing. If he could reconcile the inconsistency to himself, to whom else could it signify?—and why should the public, a large portion of whom admires Mr. Kean, deprive themselves of enjoyment, in order to preserve in him a consistency, for which he is responsible, not they? With regard to his acting, we are bound to speak as we feel. His conception of the character was as good as it was when he was most run after—but in his execution, he was almost as feeble as if he were going to it at the Old Bailey. Having died at the Opera-house, he comes from the theatrical shades—no wonder then if he be but the ghost of his former self. Still, out of respect to what he was, and to what his judgment still is, we earnestly recommend all those who have never seen his *Richard III.*, and there must be thousands now in London in that predicament, to witness a performance which includes probably the best reading of this arduous character ever presented on the stage.

We have so many things to notice this week, that we cannot be lengthy upon any one of them—an offence, if it be one, for which we shall, doubtless, be more readily forgiven than for any other. On Tuesday a melo-dramatic opera was produced here. It is another version of 'Fra Diavolo,' which has been already acted with but indifferent success at Tottenham Street and the Olympic. We do not know by what hand it has been newly 'done into English,' but as it is rather *under-done*, probably a *raw* one. It went well, but by no means remarkably so, to the house. Mrs. Waylett acted as well as she could; but that is not saying much. She also sang the ballad part of her duty very prettily and correctly in tune; for which latter qualification we are the more grateful, in proportion to its rarity at this house. Still, Mrs. Waylett is not fit, and never can be fit, for a *prima donna*; and it is nonsense to keep forcing her into that situation. Our duty calls on us to say this, because we feel and know it to be true. If any assertion of ours could alter the fact, we would write the contrary with pleasure and alacrity. Mr. Sinclair sang extremely well, and deserves honourable mention. He had but little to act, and we make no doubt he has sense enough to agree with us, that it was better for all parties as it was. Mr. Wallack played another Brigand Chief, and evinced the powers of an excellent actor and an experienced artist, in managing to keep it so clear of *Alessandro Massaroni*. He was clever throughout, and quite triumphant in the last scene. The music of Auber, beautiful in the original, loses much by being transplanted; still, there is much to admire. Upon the whole, we should say to our readers, "If you happen to be passing that way, just call in and see it; but you need not trouble yourselves to go on purpose."

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Tuesday a new "petite comedy" in two acts called 'Married Lovers,' was produced at this house. We do not know its origin, but it savours strongly of the French kitchen. The scene lies in Paris, in the time of Louis XIV. The principal male characters are the *Duke of Orleans* (Mr. Abbott), the *Marquis de Meneville* (Mr. Bartley), the English ambassador (Mr. Warde), and *Colonel O'Dillon*, the name explains itself (Mr. Power). The ladies are, the *Duchess of Orleans* (Miss Forde), the *Marchioness de Meneville* (Miss Taylor), and *Lady Ascot* (Mrs. Chatterley). *Sir John* and the *Marquis*, who are both rather elderly sinners, make fierce love, each to the other's wife. The *Duke* also makes love to *Lady Ascot*; and *Colonel O'Dillon*, with true Hibernian gallantry, professes himself ready to make love to any woman he can find; and, eventually, all the ladies being fully em-

ployed, he fixes on the maid. The *Duchess of Orleans* confers with the other two ladies, both of whom are laughing in their large sleeves at their irregular admirers, upon the proper means of punishing them. The *Marchioness de Meneville* disguises herself as a *Page*, carries a message to the *Duke*, and makes love to the *Duchess*; and between her contriving that assignments shall be made, and *Colonel O'Dillon's* blunders, all parties meet at twelve at night in the great hall of her hôtel, where, the alarm being given and lights brought, each of the gallants is discovered in possession of his wrong (right) partner, instead of the right (wrong) one. Pardons are exchanged, and the men get off with only being laughed at. Mr. Power is the author, and, although he has, in the second act, trenched somewhat upon the province of pantomime, the piece is pleasantly and cleverly written, and, on the whole, well deserved the success it met with. We have in a previous number spoken of the difficulty of strictly defining the line which separates comedy and farce; but between comedy and pantomime no such difficulty presents itself. We should say that the situation we allude to would be quite as comic, and more legitimately so, if Mr. Bartley were to crouch down, and Mr. Warde were to touch him first accidentally with his foot, and afterwards purposely with his hand, instead of their rolling over one another as they now do. However, if Mr. Barnes and Mr. Paulo do not remonstrate, we suppose we must be content. Mr. Bartley, generally clever and always sensible, was completely out of his element in the coxcomb. It was a part for Mr. Jones—and the former gentleman's eternal recourse to his snuff-box, was ominous of his having undertaken it at a pinch. Miss Taylor, whose eventual eminence in her profession, we feel a pleasure in having predicted more boldly and unequivocally than any other paper on her first appearance in London, came on in this piece without a hand being moved to applaud her—as it proceeded, she, as usual, made her own way with the audience, and ended by establishing herself as its chief attraction. For this she has no one but herself to thank—so much the better: let her continue to trust to herself alone, and she will be the less likely to be disappointed. She sang two songs, both of which were encored; but though she has a very sweet voice, and an excellent notion of pronouncing her words distinctly, we recommend her not to allow herself to be driven too much into singing, until she have had further instruction and more practice.

On Thursday a new operatic drama was produced here, called 'The Romance of a Day.' The piece is by Mr. Planché, the music by Mr. Bishop. Both were decidedly successful. We are sorry that we are unable to claim a sufficient space to notice this piece as it deserves, but we profess to deal impartially with authors, actors, and public;—as long as we stand behind our critical counter, our motto will ever be, "first come first served," and therefore, much as we feel that we owe Mr. Bishop for his many admirable compositions, and Mr. Planché for his many clever productions, we must not give them the preference over previous claims. Next week we may probably say more of them both, at present we must drop plot, music, and writing, (leaving the success they have met with to answer for the goodness of all three,) and confine ourselves to a few words on the acting. Miss Taylor played a young male lover with much spirit and animation, and sang the music allotted to her very creditably. Want of confidence in herself, as it seemed to us, rather than want of ear, put her once or twice out of tune, but she recovered herself again and was much applauded—she clearly gained another point from the audience, and is entitled to score it. We have this instant discovered that, from

having our head filled, we suppose, with this 'Romance of a Day,' we have actually lost a day; we can hardly regret this, for we were just going to speak of Miss Ellen Tree's performance, and the bare recollection of the loveliness of her personal appearance in the part of *Liese*, with the truth, chasteness, and nature of her performance, was enough of itself completely to un-pen us. We won't swear that it is not Miss Ellen Tree who has to answer for our mistaking Friday for Thursday—but, from whatever cause it has arisen, we have mistaken it, and therefore, can only conclude that we must conclude.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"TEMPORA mutantur et nosse mutamur in illis," as Madame Vestris's Mr. Raymond classically phrases it. This little theatre—into the roof of which one could almost put a ring and carry it about like Gulliver's box-house—is beginning to "have in it something dangerous" to its great hectoring rivals, the patent theatres. The old rowley-powley song, is about being dismembered of one of its great facts;—for it is no longer, "the big ones pull the little ones down." The diminutive is indeed looking up! Master Burke and all things after his size are at a premium.

A very amusing one-act piece, entitled 'Mis-Apprehension,' has been produced with entire success, under the "mild despotic government" of our Vestris. To those who love mischief, fun, and sprightliness, 'Mis-Apprehension' will be a treat. Mr. Charles Dance is said to be accountable for this lively pastime. The plot turns upon a gentleman returning from a carouse, and conceiving before his valet of a valet, that he has been robbed of his watch. Being desirous of getting a loan to assist a poor schoolmaster—"poor indeed," in the hands of the worthy pauper who undertakes the part—he seeks to get an advance upon the watch (which he has found,) at one of the great town uncles. The valet, in the zeal of honesty, has given notice of the supposed robbery to all the pawnbrokers—and of course the gentleman gets into a difficulty for the theft on himself. There is a little love, and a little make-believe love, which tell according to their strength. Some of the situations are very amusing and perplexing—and several of the puns go off like a pistol, and startle the whole house.

The actors are but so-so—and Mr. Dance has some right to lament in this particular, that he has fallen upon evil days and wrong gentlemen. Mr. Raymond provokes you with abominable antitheses of Wrench, who would have made the hero of the piece a hero indeed! The valet is smartly hit off—but there is too much care lavished upon the issuing of a pun. The young lady of the drama was very easily, prettily, and unaffectedly played. The pawnbroker was too laboriously worked—we do not know the name of the gentleman, but he spoke as if he had the three golden balls in his mouth. With a little curtailing, the laughter of the audience will be a running accompaniment to the piece throughout.

The Foote we perceive, has "walked away with itself" rather unexpectedly;—we presume, after the leg!—"Stolen away, stolen away! hah!" as old Squire Western says.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

This theatre (*olim* the Tottenham or West London) re-opened under its new name, new form, and new management, on Thursday evening. We were prevented by our other duties from attending, but we hear the performances well spoken of. Drury Lane and Covent Garden have bought new clothes enough to last them for the present; and the Adelphi and Olympic seem, by the full audiences they nightly get in

spite of the weather, also to have so suited themselves as to want no change at present. We, therefore, purpose immediately paying one or more visits to this house, after which we shall retire to our own fire-side and haul its pretensions over the coals, so as to give our readers the result next week.

PLAY-BILL PUFFING.

We must devote a corner to our favourite work of exposing the follies and falsehoods of this system, although, we had need be a literary Hercules to *hit off* the hydra heads of novelties which have started up this week in all directions. At Covent Garden they talk of a piece which, "increasing in popularity on every representation, will be repeated the week after next." We like this, because the last half of the assertion proves the untruth of the first. Then they inform us, that "Cinderella and the Pantomime continue to attract brilliant and crowded audiences." Query—if they are crowded with a single *u*, would they not overflow with a *w*?—we recommend the management to try. At Drury Lane they tell us, that 'The Brigand,' 'The Illustrious Stranger,' and 'The Pantomime,' again attracted a crowded audience, and then add, "an early application for places is respectfully advised, as great numbers were disappointed on the last performance of the above pieces." It strikes us as a somewhat novel inducement, to hold out for people to go and see them, that numbers were disappointed on their last performance. Scenes and properties are now, it appears, to take their turns of being puffed. "The Diorama was greeted throughout with acclamations." How flattering to the Diorama's feelings! We are also favoured with the result of a manager's coaxing and an actor's coquetting, in the shape of an announcement, that "Mr. Alexander Lee has prevailed upon Mr. Kean," &c. What trash this is!—One man follows his profession, and another pays him for doing so. If Mr. Lee should follow up his entreaties closely, we should not be surprised to hear, that he had "prevailed" on Mr. Kean to go to the treasury on Saturday and draw his enormous salary. We can't have a comedy or a play revived now without a *u* pointing to a "following cast"; including the last, which is Mr. Lee's cast 'Iron Chest.' Query—would not a *succeeding* cast be better than a *following*? In conclusion, for the present, we are glad to find from authority, that the overtures at Drury Lane continue to be played by the band, because we had heard that the scene-shifters were rehearsing one.

MISCELLANEA

We regret to learn that the United States scientific expedition to the South Seas has entirely failed. The crew of the ship have mutinied and carried the vessel into St. Marys, a little to the south of Concepcion, having set their "knowing ones" (*savans*) ashore in Peru.

The son of the celebrated Marmontel died on the 17th of December last, in the hospital of New York, in America, under circumstances of extreme distress and destitution. His baptismal register states him to have been born at Paris, on the 20th January, 1789, and that the Duke of Orleans and the Duchess of Bourbon were his sponsors. He came last from Mexico, where ill fortune had constantly pursued him, and he was one of the expedition to Guazacoalco.

A dangerous reef has been discovered in the Pacific Ocean, among the Caroline Islands, the N.E. extremity of which is in lat. 7° 36' N. and lon. 155° 18' E. It was found to lie in a N.E. and S.W. direction, and is so extensive, that the whole of it could not be seen from the N.E. extremity. It is about fourteen miles, in a

W.S.W. direction, from the island Bordelaise, discovered in 1826.

March of Intellect.—Towards the latter part of the fourteenth century, sixty teachers (forty male, and twenty female,) could scarcely pick up a decent livelihood at Paris: whereas, at the present day, several thousand schools are at hand to supply intellectual demands. Forty years back, the reading population of France was estimated at seven millions; it now exceeds sixteen. In 1770, four circulating libraries were an abundance; in 1831, two hundred find ready customers. The consumption of the press, so lately as the year 1814, and, independently of periodical works, was for the whole of France about forty-six millions of sheets, (about ninety-five thousand reams); in 1816, it exceeded fifty-five millions of sheets; in 1820, it amounted nearly to eighty-one millions, and in 1828, it had increased to more than one hundred and forty-four millions, or 300,000 reams! The reams of paper stamped for the periodical press in 1817, were 38,242; but, within three years afterwards, they had risen to 50,717 reams.—In this country, the number of newspapers for 1782, was seventy-nine; in 1790, they had reached one hundred and fourteen, and in 1821, two hundred and eighty-four. The North American colonies, in the year 1720, possessed no more than seven newspapers; in 1810, the United States alone had three hundred and fifty-nine, and sixteen years subsequently, the number had increased to six hundred and forty! Though their population is but ten millions, they muster more newspapers than the whole one hundred and sixty millions on the European continent.

Athenæum Advertisement.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom.		Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
	W. Mon.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Th. 27	39	50	29.45	S.W.	Sleet.
Fr. 28	38	28	29.30	N.W.	Clear.
Sat. 29	34	24	29.38	N.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 30	33	10	29.00	S.E.	Clear.
Mon. 31	33	30	29.55	N.W.	Much Snow.
Tues. 1	39	27	28.70	S.E. to S.W.	Snow.
Wed. 2	42	25	28.75	S.E.	Drizzle.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nights and mornings frosty.
Mean temperature of the week, 29°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Saturn in conjunction on Saturday, at 7m. 5s. P.M.
The Moon and Herschel in conjunction on Sunday, at 45m. P.M.
Venus's geocentric long. on Wed. 23° 29' in Aquarius.
Saturn's — — — 29° 37' in Leo.
Sun's — — — 13° 15' in Aquarius.
Length of day on Wed. 9h. 5m.; increased, 1h. 24m.
Sun's horary motion 2' 32". Logarithmic number of distance 9.90381.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A Misogynist. We doubt, but acknowledge ourselves obliged.

We will consider the suggestions of a Recluse, but have great fears.

G. E. V. should address his complaints to the publishers of the National Library. We have done all we can both to inform and reform them.
Other Correspondents next week.

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